

Frank M. Frisselle.

"Kismet"

The
Kismet Poems

by

frank M. frisselle



Being a collection of the verses written for the
Manchester Daily Union in the summer
and winter of 1897 and the
spring of 1898



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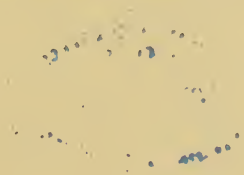
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To

My fellow-workers of the Union,
who toil in the midnight hours,
and who keep the weary vigils while humanity sleeps,
are these verses dedicated,
trusting that my comrades will be as kindly in their criticism
as they are ever courteous
in all that tends to make life worth living.



Note to the Reader.

With exceeding hesitation, the writer of the verses contained in this volume essays to place them in the hands of his friends in published form. They were originally written for the Manchester (N. H.) "Union," and in obedience to requests from a few admirers they are presented in the shape here seen. The verses were prepared, in almost every instance, in the still, small hours of the night, after the wide-awake printer had received his last supply of news manuscript for the morning edition of a large daily paper. In no sense does the author lay claim to any poetical talent, nor does he for one moment expect that his modest verses will displace any of the writings of the poets who have come and gone. The following verses were written for amusement and recreation, and not with the intention of clinging closely to the rules laid down by the critics. If these lines afford pleasing thoughts for those who peruse them, the mission of "Kismet" will perhaps not have been in vain.

F. M. F.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 30, 1898.

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SONGS OF THE HEART.

The Honeysuckle Land.

From the land of the dear honeysuckle
Came the scent of the new-mown hay,
Recalling the scenes of the far long-ago,
When life was but pleasure and play.
For the time that we passed in the meadows,
As the tree toad was singing his lay,
Were the days when no flavor of trouble
Filled the hearts of our youth with dismay.

From the land of the dear honeysuckle
Comes the whisper of promises made,
When you and I knelt in the shadow,
In the summer where soft breezes played.
Do you think that I cease to remember
How often it was that we prayed
That nothing might e'er come between us
To give us the cause to upbraid?

From the land of the dear honeysuckle
Come the echoes of sweetest refrain,
The sigh of the breeze and the tree toad's lay
Breathe the song that will ever remain.
And the long-ago seems not so far after all,
If your troubles you cease to retain,
And think of the times of the old summer days,
When we knew not the sorrow and pain.

Dried Grasses.

On the corner of a mantel,
With the blades a-lowly bending,
Are the dried and withered grasses
With their memories unending.
Although the dust has settled
O'er the brown and yellow plume,
This bunch of withered grasses
Brings a shadow from the tomb.

How dear the recollection
Of the fragrant summer-tide,
As I sauntered through the meadow
With Perdita by my side.
We talked of all the pretty things
That lovers' tongues could utter,
Her eyes were like the beaming stars,
My heart was in a flutter.

We pushed aside the buttercups
And revelled in the clover,
Picked our way through daisy beds,
And told our stories over.
We plucked the lowly grasses
That bent beside the stream,
And put them on the mantel,
So graceful did they seem.

VIOLETS.

And now Perdita's left me.
No more I'll see the smile
That lighted up a dreary life
Or did a heart beguile.
'Twas hard to find a sweeter face
Among the country lasses.
Perdita's soul has flown away,
And I—I have the grasses.

Violets.

The tale is told, perhaps 'tis true,
That once an angel wept,
And all the teardrops earthward flew
While men and women slept.
And then the story plainly tells
What fate the teardrops met,
For in the shady woodland dells
We found the violet.

And ever since, when lovers tried
To prove that they were true,
They'd send a token, silken-tied,
A bunch of flowers blue.
Sweetly, and with drooping head,
That sparkled with the dew,
This is what the violet said:
"My love is all for you!"

Calla.

Oh, Calla, you're a corker, yes—
A lily of the dale;
Although you've crossed the Rubicon,
Your charms can never fail.
The years have taught you many things
That lend you winning grace;
Oh, Calla, you can fascinate,
No matter where the place.

Oh, Calla, in your winding train,
You've numbered many beaux,
The long and short, and fat and lean,
Have told you of their woes,
But, Calla, they have disappeared,
Like mist before the sun,
No doubt they still remember you,
When thoughts the sweetest run.

Oh, Calla, it is often said,
That when the fragrant rose
Has spread its velvet petals wide,
Its greatest beauty shows.
And, Calla, this is true of you,
In senses more than one,
That you are still the shining light,
More glowing than the sun.

THE CHESTNUT CURL.

And what care we, oh, Calla, fair,
That others saw in you
The virtues that appeal to us
Like morn's refreshing dew;
For, Calla, it is plain to us
They showed a judgment keen,
In that they bowed the knee to one
With graces of a queen.

Oh, Calla, years may still mount on,
And grind their weary way;
We still will bless the moment that
We fell beneath your sway;
For, Calla, if you listen well,
You'll hear our soft refrain,
We sing to you our fond regard
For charms that still remain.

The Chestnut Curl.

The chestnut curl of the summer girl
Droops gently in the breeze.
She sweetly sings of the joy it brings
As she strolls by the foamy seas.

Some daring boy will fondly toy
With the curl of the brown-eyed maid.
And hearts may ache, and maybe break,
When the sad good-byes are said.

Old Letters.

She promised many, many times,
In words of warm affection,
She'd marry all the spooney chaps
Who wrote in her direction.
They called her "Queen" and "Lily," too,
And wasted quarts of ink,
She swore she'd be as true to them
As any one could think.

She kept their letters twenty years,
In bundles nicely tied,
They came from almost every town—
From places far and wide.
And when an idle hour came on,
She'd read these letters o'er,
And smiled to think she led them on
To sappy stuff outpour.

And really, now, she only cared
(Since she had met her fate)
To save the brown and yellow stamps
Which paid the postal freight.
For after all she pledged her hand
To one whose loving fist
Had not inscribed a single line
Of all this tender grist.

MISS VELVET.

The essence of the scorching words
And vows of lasting love
Went up in smoke one cleaning day
To cloudless realms above,
For opening up the furnace door,
She dumped the letters in,
And not a salty tear was shed
For those who didn't win.

Miss Velvet.

The light gleams dance across the path
And webs of spiders glisten;
Softly sighs the summer wind,
The crickets stop to listen.
Through the meadows, golden-kissed,
With buttercups aglow,
Miss Velvet glides with all the grace
A queen could ever show.

She plucks the dainty marguerite,
And breathes the sweet refrain,
"He loves me" and "he loves me not"—
The birds take up the strain.
Back and forth the petals fly,
On breezes perfume-scented,
"He loves me" is the message dear—
Miss Velvet is contented.

Sweet Sadie.

Oh, well do I remember her,
Sweet Sadie o'er the way!
Her gentle style and winning smile
Were present all the day.
And now I've reached the whitened age,
When no one cares for me,
And all that I take pleasure in—
Is Sadie's memory.

And how I used to worship her,
Sweet Sadie o'er the way!
My burning heart would swiftly start
At all she chose to say.
And roses that she liked to wear,
Though withered they may be,
Are sacred treasures—fragrant, too,
Of Sadie's memory.

The sun was in her honey eyes,
Sweet Sadie o'er the way!
My soul's forlorn, that she has gone,
And I am old and grey.
No lilies in the valley grow,
No vines around the tree,
That fresher in their greenness seem
Than Sadie's memory.

ANOTHER MAN.

Most pleasant would the trial be,
Sweet Sadie o'er the way!
Couldst thou replace the dainty face
That held me in its sway.
I'll not forget that age has taught
To hold tenaciously
The thoughts of her that now are but
My Sadie's memory.

The strain comes faintly down to me—
Sweet Sadie o'er the way!
The song of love from far above—
That voice of youthful day.
I listen, dear, with bounding soul,
As thou art calling me;
And, waiting, I shall oft revere
My Sadie's memory.

Another Man.

A lover's dream—
Letters, a ream—
A fine engagement ring.
Murmurings low:
"I love you so!"
In happiness they sing.

The morning tide
By the ocean side
Tells quite another story.
Another man
Has just began
To set his cap for Rosie.

The Maiden's Prayer.

Whisper, little maid,
With sun-kissed hair,
Do you love me as I love you?
Speak, little maid,
And have a care.
Are you just as good and true?

Flutter, the roses,
Kissed by the bees,
But the rose retains its red.
Tossing, the lily,
Swayed by the breeze,
Yet poised is the lily's head.

And so, little maid,
When kissed by me,
Will your heart be as sweet and true
As when, gentle maid,
Your heart was free,
And lover ne'er came to woo?

Dear, like the rose,
Are you, little maid,
Fairest are your peach-down cheeks—
You're like the lily,
Growing in the glade,
You're just what the fond heart seeks.

ROSIE.

The sky shows clear
O'er you, little maid,
You're sweet as the scented flower,
May the days be bright,
Your soul not afraid,
And love fill your sunshine bower.

Rosie.

It is Rosie in the morn and it's Rosie in the eve,
And it's Rosie all the time I do believe,
For Rosie is my girl,
She's a shining little pearl,
With Rosie I'll my jollity retrieve.

As she wanders in the garden, and she plucks
the stately bloom,
In her tender eyes I read my early doom.
For my Rosie has a way
That's delightful all the day.
She's the ray of sun that drives away the
gloom.

So I give my love to Rosie, and I clasp the
gentle hands,
And I'm willing to cement the golden bands.
She's the sweetest of them all,
And my Rosie has the call,
And she leads me o'er the wild and burning
sands.

The Message.

Though I travel o'er the mountains
And I sail across the seas,
I know that thou art true, my love,
My heart is quite at ease.
Thy hazel eyes are flashing, love,
A light divinely clear,
It flashes o'er the sea to me,
A message sweet and dear.

It tells me that thy memory
Reverts to friends afar,
And that thy soul is truthful, love,
And pure as distant star.
I see thy image, graceful like,
Thy voice I think I hear;
My heart receives most gratefully
Thy message sweet and dear.

No matter where I roam, my love,
My blood most warmly flows,
Because I know that faithful lives
A maiden like the rose.
Miles may come 'tween you and me,
No other friend be near,
But still thy heart extends to me
A message sweet and dear.

THE MESSAGE.

Though heavens fall and tidal waves
Go surging o'er the land,
I still can feel thy softened gaze
And touch of tender hand.
And when my eyes refuse to close
In midnight's hour of fear,
I hear the words thou whisperest—
A message sweet and dear.

I wander 'neath the tropic palms
And through the shaded groves,
Along the sand that golden gleams
Where swarthy Arab roves,
And, bending o'er the silver pool
To quaff the sparkling cheer,
I hear thy soothing accents, love,
A message sweet and dear.

I long to speed the journey home
And walk once more with thee
Through meadow paths and o'er the hills,
And bid my sorrows flee.
'Tis there I'd kiss the marbled brow,
Repress the stealing tear,
And hear repeated o'er and o'er
Thy message sweet and dear.

Rejected.

In the gloaming,
We were roaming,
Friends we'd been for many years,
Hope was fleeting,
Love retreating,
Eyes were filled with blinding tears.

Still the singing
Birds were ringing
Out their notes of Paradise,
And the crying
And the sighing
Of the breeze was sweet with spice.

She was saying,
That in laying
My devotion at her shrine,
I was falling
Down in calling
Her my treasure—always mine.

And in parting
I was starting
To reflect upon the past,
But refusing
And excusing,
She declared the die was cast.

DOWN THE LANE.

Down the Lane.

A pink most sweetly scented was the blossom
I presented
To the maiden who was waiting in the lane.
Then she took the blossom fair, and she placed
it in her hair,
While she softly hummed a tender-like refrain.

At first she couldn't see why she should marry
me,
When she knew I didn't figure in her set;
But she took the pretty pink, with a merry
smile and wink,
And she said she didn't want a lover yet.

She wore the little flower, though it faded in
an hour,
And we sauntered down the crooked country
lane.
But before the hour was up she had filled my
loving cup
With the joy that I had hardly hoped to gain.

Hand in hand we travel, as life's problems we
unravel.
For "Yes" is what my little maid declared.
And the saucy little pink, and the merry smile
and wink,
Were the causes of my happiness unspared.

Love's Changes.

'Twas eight o'clock and more and I rapped
upon the door,
As I called to see a lovely little maid,
And her sunny braids of hair and her rosy
cheeks and fair
Were as pretty as the lilies in the glade.

At nine I braver grew and I told her what
I'd do
If she'd condescend to place her hand in mine,
For I swore eternal love, by the blessed saints
above,
And she sweetly gave an answer most benign.

And at ten o'clock the ringing of the bells in
steeple winking
Told me plainly that the time had come to go,
So we pledged our vows again, at this fleeting
hour of ten,
And stronger did affection seem to grow.

I will ne'er forget the night, for the moon was
shining bright,
As I strolled toward my domicile of rest,
And I pictured in my dream how my future
life would seem,
With the beaming little maid I had caressed.

A REMINDER.

That was many years ago, and my love has
ceased to flow,
For the fairy with the sunny braids of hair,
She is married to another, and the other is my
brother—
She has little ones with rosy cheeks and fair.

A Reminder.

I can see reflected in your face divinely fair
The virtues and the graces that we think the
angels bear.
For your eyes of melting brownness tell a
story of their own,
And if your charms were fewer I would wor-
ship them alone.
For your fluffy hair is flying like the spider's
silken strands,
And I long to press the ringlets that compose
the golden bands.
And your brow, as smooth as marble, is as free
from worldly care
As the nightingale cavorting in the balmy
country air.
Should I meet you in the gloaming, as the
chirping cricket sings,
'Twould remind me of the summer and the joy-
ousness it brings.

Taffy Hair.

Hear the merry birds a-singing
In a way that's superfine,
And the butterfly is clinging
To the morning-glory vine.
For the silken skirts a-swishing
Send their music through the air,
And my heart is fondly wishing
For the girl with taffy hair.

She's a dream, a little trinket,
And a jewel quite alone,
And my fortune I would sink it,
Would she be my very own.
Like the fragrance of the roses
That she dearly loves to wear,
She's the pink of all the posies,
Is my girl with taffy hair.

She's as dainty as a feather,
With her blushes like the dawn,
When the sun and clouds together
Paint the roses of the morn.
See! She lifts her taper fingers
And she calls me over there—
Now I know that Cupid lingers
Where he finds the taffy hair.

The Silver Stream.

Through the woodland, gliding on,
 'Tween mossy banks, and green,
Flows the winding stream along,
 'Neath trees of stately mien.
Every ripple tells the tale
 Of pools and shady places,
As circling down the mountain side,
 To sea the streamlet races.

In many ways the silver stream,
 If guided by a mind.
Could tell us much of love and hate—
 The spool of life unwind.
Yet the lily, brightly red,
 And drooping in the breeze,
Is voucher that the secrets held,
 No mortal e'er can seize.

Maids and men in summer days
 Have strolled along the stream,
Pledging softly whispered vows,
 Which now are but a dream.
'Twould never do to give away
 The tricks that Cupid played.
The silver brook will never tell
 Of lovers' debts unpaid.

Paradise.

Flowers twining, hedges green,
Fragrant is the breeze;
Rounding paths and velvet sheen,
Blossoms on the trees.
See the song birds sail along,
Hear their trilling notes;
Tree toads join the merry song,
Soft the music floats.
That's Paradise.

Place within the garden fair
The maid with dimpled cheeks,
Give her smiles and golden hair,
And loveliness that speaks.
Let her heart with goodness flow.
Her mind should brilliant be—
Garden, girl, and all will show
What we would like to see.
That's Paradise.

Give us, then, unending life,
With joyousness and bliss;
Banish even thoughts of strife
With lover's honeyed kiss.
Give us blossoms all the years,
Songs of birds eternal;
Little need there'll be for tears,
In regions so supernal.
That's Paradise.

'Twas Always Thus.

Oh, why do lovers pledge their words
That they will stick together,
Through thick and thin and blinding storm
And all such troublous weather?
Exchanging vows with many sighs,
They swear they'll never part,
And glances shot from eye to eye
Betray the fluttering heart.

She firmly stamps her little foot,
Declares she'll never change,
That she could ever love again
Would be most passing strange.
She never knew another man,
Said she with beaming smile,
Who ever filled the bill so well,
Or had such princely style.

The lover rolled his eyes to heaven,
And praised her face and hair,
He said her eyes were like the stars—
Her lips beyond compare.
He swore no woman ever lived
Who could touch her for a minute—
No need to fight the Trojan war,
For Helen wasn't in it.

SONGS OF THE HEART.

How frail, indeed, are human vows,
No matter how emphatic,
These lovers fought like cats and dogs
In a manner most erratic.
She said he was a cruel thing,
He swore she wasn't true,
They cut the twine that bound them
Both—to other partners flew.

My Garden.

In my garden are roses so velvety soft,
That they drop with the fluttering breeze,
So fragrantly sweet that the senses are fraught
With the odor of tropical seas.
The hollyhock bends with its powdery blooms,
And yellow the marigold's head,
The bumblebee kisses the dear marguerite,
And dew to the pansy is fed.

But naught in my garden more beautiful seems
Than the girl with the silken hair,
Who lingers along by the violet bank,
And praises the flowers there.
Sweeter than roses and hollyhock blooms,
And pansies and marguerites, too,
Is the coy little maiden who gathers the buds,
Whose heart is so tenderly true.

The Pedler Man.

Elsie smiles at the garden gate
(Her love was the pedler man).
The little maid didn't have long to wait
(Her love was the pedler man).

Elsie watches for the little red cart
(Her love was the pedler man).
The tin pans beat to her throbbing heart
(Her love was the pedler man).

Elsie looks out for the brooms and mops
(Her hubby's the pedler man).
She watches the horse when the little cart stops
(Her hubby's the pedler man).

And little tin pedlers are playing about
(She married the pedler man).
At the little red cart they set up a shout
(Their dad is the pedler man).

And the roses bloom by the garden gate
(They thrive for the pedler man).
And the little maid blesses the kindly fate
(That gave her the pedler man).

A Blue-Black Idyll.

Give me thy hand—thy velvet hand,
Oh, maid of the blue-black hair,
We'll travel along through Love-lit land
And pick of the blossoms there.

And sorrow and care we'll throw away,
Oh, maid of the blue-black hair,
And welcome the morn of the Sunshine day,
While tasting the mountain air.

List to the song of the swelling frog,
Oh, maid of the blue-black hair,
He's singing away in the oozy bog,
Of trouble he hasn't a care.

And the tree toad throbs in the oaken grove,
Oh, maid of the blue-black hair,
Perhaps he is telling a story wove
Of things that the woods declare.

The cricket chirps in the dusky eve,
Oh, maid of the blue-black hair,
He biddest me trust and truly believe
That thou art beyond compare.

So we'll travel along in the Love-lit land,
Oh, maid of the blue-black hair,
I'll follow the lead of the velvet hand
To the town of Anywhere.

Mabelle.

The idealistic maid is she,
Whose mind is unaffected—
Who blesses her affinity
With wishes well selected.

She knows his faults and sweetly tries
To abolish melancholy.
She scorns all other worldly ties
And lifts him from his folly.

From crown of head to finger tips
Divine is her condition.
And pearly words from rosy lips
Speak gentle admonition.

For Mabelle is a lady bred,
No queen has e'er excelled her.
In dainty poise of lovely head,
No princess can approach her.

No breath can harm this jewel rare—
This gem of purest water,
Whose truth is quite beyond compare,
Whose faith will never falter.

Farewell to gloom, and hail! Mabelle!
Your love has won the day.
We'll walk beneath the magic spell,
United we will stay.

The Velvet Hand.

Still do we think of the sunny days,
The garden of youth was bright,
When lover of old sang sweetest lays
In the dusk of the summer night.
The petal of rose kissed climbing vine,
By fragrant zephyrs fanned,
But sweetest of all I claim as mine
Was the touch of the velvet hand.

Oh, dearest of all the maidens fair,
The girl of my boyhood time,
No lily with thee could e'er compare—
No truer in any clime.
Still do I dream of tender maid,
The dearest of angel band,
And think of the time the pulse obeyed
The touch of the velvet hand.

Nearer the tomb, and cold and gray,
Is life at the set of sun,
Weaker and weaker the slanting ray,
As the deeds of life are done.
Tho' curled is the leaf of the ivy vine,
And swift is the shifting sand,
I feel that I still can claim as mine,
The touch of the velvet hand.

DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

Don't You Remember.

Don't you remember the smile of the girl
You met in the summer of old,
When out of the gay and maddening whirl
You gathered her into the fold?
Don't you remember?

Don't you remember the flower she gave,
Fresh from the garden plot,
And how you became her bending slave
The moment your heart was caught?
Don't you remember?

Don't you remember the strolls of night,
And the moon in shining splendor,
And the little soft nothings that took their
flight
From the lips of lovers tender?
Don't you remember?

And don't you remember when winter came,
Her carriage was haughty, indeed?
For nothing to her was the summer-time flame,
And the flowers have gone to seed.
Don't you remember?

The Bunch of Violets.

Oh, give me back the sweetened days,
The time of brimming measure,
When now but faintest shadow plays
Of mem'ry give the pleasure.
The taste of youth the tongue receives,
The soul unrestful gets
At sight of withered buds and leaves
Of the bunch of violets.

What story tell these faded flowers?
Who gave them, and to whom?
Did once they brighten saddened hours,
And lift a heart from gloom?
Quite still they lie, so crisp and dry,
Their fragrance love begets,
Perhaps that's why we softly sigh
O'er the bunch of violets.

Oh, years and years have come and gone,
And suns have fast declined;
And many souls await the Morn
To lasting glory find.
But peaceful-like there still remains
The thought that never sets—
The loving kiss one bud retains
In the bunch of violets.

To The Unsatisfied.

Why weepest thou, O maiden?
Why this overwhelming gloom?
Have thy roses dropped their petals,
Or thy lilies failed to bloom?
Unsightly seem thy sorrows,
When the sun is shining bright,
In a world where other roses
May be found to thy delight.

Thou canst never count the pebbles
On the shore beside the sea,
Nor raindrops that are falling
From the clouds that darkened be.
Should the roses shed their petals,
And thou understandest not,
Just try to count the pebbles,
Or the falling water drop.

So sorrow not, O maiden,
If the lily fails to grow;
'Tis not for thee to understand
What others may not know.
Just take the good that comes along,
No matter where the spot;
Thou canst not count the pebbles, dear,
Nor the falling water drop.

Rosalind.

Oh, Rosalind, fair Rosalind,
Please turn thy face to me.
Wherefore dost thou repudiate
The love we send to thee?
Art thou a gilded butterfly,
That touches every flower
And in an instant soars away
For another fragrant bower?

Oh, Rosalind, fair Rosalind,
Our hearts revert to thee;
We fain would know if constancy
With thee would disagree.
'Tis hard to think the sweetest face
We ever chanced to kiss
Would hide beneath its rosy masque
The thoughts that seem amiss.

Oh, Rosalind, fair Rosalind,
We'll keep thee out of mind.
The poisoned lily, red and gold,
In darkest swamps we find.
As butterflies are seldom seen
Except in sunny weather,
We'll seek the friend who faithful stands
In sun and storm together.

Love's Bouquet.

Like a lily art thou!
Because thou art fragrant and glistening white,
And proud in thy queenly grace,
Bending whenever the zephyr's kiss
Fondles thy pollened face.

Like a rose art thou!
Because thou art sweeter than honey distilled
In the garden of Goldenland,
And blushing whenever the humming bird flips
Thy petals far over the sand.

Like a pink art thou!
Because thou resemblest the isles of spice,
With cinnamon-scented breeze.
Thy beauties are varied and lasting, too,
And yearnings of hearts appease.

Like a pansy art thou!
Because thou makest the thoughts to come
Of honor and virtues rare,
Because the face of each flow'ret shows
The contentment all should bear.

Like a violet art thou!
Because thou dost shine in morning dew—
The dew that refreshes mind,
Because thou art tender, pure, and true,
And at every moment kind.

The Rose.

You are queen, dear rose,
And every one knows
That nothing more dainty
In my garden grows.
Velvet petals bending,
Heaven's perfume sending,
Note the bloom
Dispels the gloom,
Sun-kissed colors blending.

You are queen, dear rose,
You'd never suppose
That anything sweeter
In my garden grows.
But a fairy most alluring,
And with manners quite assuring—
Is the maid,
I am afraid,
Who has graces more enduring.

You were queen, dear rose,
But Cupid shows
You cannot rule
As the love-light glows.
The maiden's eyes a-glancing
Has set my heart a-dancing—
She gave to me
The rose you see,
So she's the more entrancing.

MY VALENTINE.

My Valentine.

Wilt thou be my loving one,
The fruit of my desire?
Wilt thou be the warming sun
When hearts need passion's fire?
Wilt thou walk the path with me,
And place thy hand in mine?
Wilt thou, dear, agree to be
My sweet-eyed valentine?

Dost thou mean thy gentle smile
For me, and me alone?
Is thy mind quite free from guile,
And ready to condone?
Can I trust that sunny face
Which seemeth to refine?
Wilt thou, oh, thou queen of grace,
Be mine—my valentine?

Just as true as roses breathe
Their fragrance in the night,
I'll wind affection's tender wreath
Around thy tresses bright.
And all the sweets that come to me
Are thine, as well as mine,
I only ask that thou wilt be
My own—my valentine.

To the Bachelor.

One may scent the fragrance of the roses o'er
the wall,
And then beyond his reach may see the velvet
petals fall.
The perfume counts but naught to him who
looks with wistful eyes,
As long as roses ne'er can be the gazer's law-
ful prize.

And thus it is the bachelor goes plodding
through the years,
Resisting charms of womankind and all that
love endears.
An ideal once he had in mind, and chased it all
his life,
But ideals ne'er were known to make a model
of a wife.

And as his hair more whitened grows, he's
peering o'er the wall,
To scent the fragrance from the rose, and watch
the petals fall.
The smoke is curling from his pipe—his hopes
are ashes, too;
His wasted life well teaches him that ideals
can't be true.

The One I Love.

She has her faults—the one I love—

But I'll forget them all;

She has her traits of gentleness,

Which answer memory's call.

The thought of her—the one I love—

Like rippling of the sun

Cheers up the way of daily toil,

And helps in battles won.

She has a smile—the one I love—

That thrills one through and through,

Expressing much of tenderness,

Whene'er she thinks of you.

And then she knows—the one I love—

If clouded in the mind,

That giving smiles as sweet as hers

Makes one to troubles blind.

Her eyes are bright—the one I love—

They float in limpid dew;

Her glances pierce my very soul,

To find if I am true.

If tears she shed—the one I love—

I grant her least request,

Somehow, those pearly drops that fall

Forgive the faults confessed.

SONGS OF THE HEART.

And all in all—the one I love
Appears the best to me,
And charms that others seem to have
With her do not agree.
And so I love the one I love
Far more than she supposes,
And up and down the road of life
I'll strew her path with roses.

The Maid Across the Sea.

I am thinking of the roses
And the fragrance that they throw;
I am thinking of the posies
And the garden where they grow.
I am thinking of the maiden
Who has pledged herself to me,
And I think of breezes laden,
Where she is—across the sea.

I am thinking of the letter
That is coming with the tide;
I am thinking 'twould be better
Were she sitting by my side.
I am thinking of the smiling
And the dimples meant for me—
Perhaps they are beguiling
Some one else across the sea.

THE MAID ACROSS THE SEA.

I am thinking of the beating
Of the surf upon the sands;
I am thinking of the greeting
From the maid in other lands.
I am thinking of the pleasure
That there is in store for me,
When I'll get a heaping measure
From my love across the sea.

I am thinking of the blueness
Of the balmy southern skies;
I am thinking of the trueness
Of the maiden's gleaming eyes.
I am thinking of the shining
Of the tresses fair to see;
And I cannot help the pining
For the maid across the sea.

I am thinking, I am waiting,
And the days will not be long;
I am thinking of the mating
And the thrill of happy song.
For no more we'll know the sighing,
And the aching heart is free,
When I know my love is flying
From her home across the sea.

Geraldine.

There'll come a time,
Geraldine,
When you'll be queen no longer.
Some other dame
With another name
Will wield a magnet stronger,
Geraldine!

There'll come a time,
Geraldine,
When you're not so entrancing,
You'll wonder why
You didn't die
Before you ceased romancing,
Geraldine!

There'll come a time,
Geraldine,
When you can't spin a thread.
In sorrow, then,
You'll wish that men
Would let themselves be led,
Geraldine!

There'll come a time,
Geraldine,
When roses will be ashes,
When flaunted glove
At honest love
Means tears upon your lashes,
Geraldine!

The Tea Rose.

A vision fair to gaze upon
Was the girl in lilac shade—
A combination rarely sweet,
Was the tea rose and the maid.

The maiden danced the hours away,
And ting-a-ling went the band;
The twinkling gleams of colored lights
Made the scene a fairy land.

Beneath the flush of maiden's face
The tea rose nodded, too,
As if in time with the minuet
Tripped by the merry crew.

A gallant youth who knew no fear,
And stirred by Cupid's dart,
With eager hand the tea rose plucked,
And stole the maiden's heart.

And time rolled on its weary path.
The tea rose drooped away—
Likewise the dancing maid forgot
The love of the other day.

Across the sea to distant clime,
The fearless youth did wander,
And married a girl who never saw
A tea rose in its splendor.

SONGS OF THE HEART.

The maid who danced the hours away
Beneath the gleaming lights,
Has cut her hair and trots about
Debating woman's rights.

Withered, dry, and lost to sight,
In a ponderous, yellow book,
The tea rose wishes back the joys
Of which it once partook.

On the Beach.

The summer girl has left the whirl
Of city far behind her,
She sweetly smiles
At all the guiles
With which they try to blind her.

This summer girl, with twisty curl,
And damask cheeks of rose,
Walks up and down
In silken gown
To captivate the beaux.

The summer girl, with teeth of pearl,
And beauty over nice,
Would have you think
That she's the link
That binds to Paradise.

TO A KERCHIEF.

Oh, summer girl, your sails you furl
When beach is far behind you.

 Your presence bright
 Has gone from sight—
We know not where to find you.

My summer girl to whom I hurl
The meed of honest praise,
 Is not the girl
 Who seeks the whirl
Of fashion's giddy maze.

My summer girl has chestnut curl
And wears a pinafore,
 And on the farm
 Her rounded arm
Makes bread for twenty-four.

To a Kerchief.

A filmy, lacy little thing—
 No spider's web is lighter;
Spotless, clinging, there it lies,
 No driven snow is whiter.

Just the faintest trace of rose
 Like incense fills the air,
Intoxicating, sweet perfume—
 Reminder of the fair.

SONGS OF THE HEART.

The monogrammic tracery
 Betrays a gentle name;
In truth she must have been
 An aristocratic dame.

Dainty threads perhaps can tell
 Whose face the kerchief fanned.
Some modern knight would give his all
 To kiss the owner's hand.

A filmy, lacy little thing—
 No spider's web is lighter;
Spotless, clinging, there it lies,
 No driven snow is whiter.

—

'Twas Yours, Bernice.

'Twas yours, Bernice—
 Don't you recall
 The sun-bright day,
As in shady woodland grove
 We chose to stay?
And when I whispered burning words
To music of the singing birds,
 You gave me this—
 Your glove,
 Bernice!

BLAME HER NOT.

Pray tell, Bernice—
What did you mean
By such a gift?
Was this the sign that you and I
Apart should drift?
Regretful, then, the days we passed
In woodland grove. The die was cast
When I took this—
Your glove,
Bernice!

You sigh, Bernice—
And well you may
Refuse to smile.
Perhaps it's just a way you have—
A woman's wile.
But where the ivy doth entwine,
You broke your heart, as well as mine,
And gave me this—
Your glove,
Bernice!

Blame Her Not.

'Tis vain with hearts in love contending,
No reason soars above,
Her passion she is not defending,
She only knows her love.
She offered no extenuation,
Her folly here she frankly owns;
She could not help her adoration,
She worshiped him and him alone.

SONGS OF THE HEART.

Other eyes perhaps were gleaming,
But none her heart could stir,
Other lips more sweetly seeming,
But no other lips for her.
His voice appealed to her alone,
His honeyed accents thrilled;
She lived upon its lightest tone—
Her paradise fulfilled.

So blame her not because she dared
To banish loneliness.
Blame her not because she cared
To welcome happiness.
Blame her not because she sought
For love's companionship.
Blame her not if once she thought
The cup would never slip.

Perhaps a broken heart was mended
When sorrow flew away.
Perhaps a dismal night had ended
When love began the day.
Perhaps you did not know the pain
More bitter-like than gall—
And if you did you might refrain
From blaming her at all.

Solamanchus.

Every morning bright and early,
In the slanting rays of sun,
By my shop there feebly wended
One whose years were nearly spun—
Solamanchus, with his spirit
Faintly trembling in its shell,
Calmly waiting for the tolling
Of the peace-bestowing bell.

Solamanchus, gray and grizzled,
Paid no heed to passing man,
For the years he represented
Seemed to bar him from the clan.
No one knew his heart was beating
For the face of long ago;
He had lost the love he hoped for
In the passing of the show.

Oh, Solamanchus, weary,
No one grudges you the peace
That will greet you in the moments
When the beating heart will cease.
Withered flowers seem the saddest,
For they bring to heavy mind
Just a little of the loving
That old age can seldom find.

A Song of June.

Oh, list to the lark in the lily-sweet morn,
And the chirp of the chickadee bird,
And the twit of the jay in the jiggly tree,
As they chant to the browsing herd.
Oh, blue are the hills in the hazy day,
We find in the month of June,
And sweet the scent of wayside rose—
Incomparable Nature's boon.

And, what does the whispering maiden say,
To the lad with the flaxen hair,
As he bends at the side of the country lane
And plucks at the roses fair?
Ah, none but the quiet zephyr knows
What the heart of the maiden feels,
And the breeze won't tell of the compact made,
That the kiss of the lover seals.

The song of the lark in the azure height,
And the chirp of the chickadee,
Unite with the twit of the blue jay bird,
As the man and the maid agree.
And June is the month of the winding year
When Cupid is found at his best,
And little he recked of mischief done,
When the man to the maid confessed.

TRINKETS.

Trinkets.

'Mid the dust and grimy cobwebs,
In a little leather case,
With its brassy, hairy trimmings,
And its rusty key in place.
If my memory serves me rightly,
It's the box I used to see
When I sang the songs of childhood
On the banks of the Manatee.

As one gently lifts the cover,
Emotion fills the mind,
As we view the withered petals
And the faded letters find.
For they tell the sweetest story
Of the lovers' fancy free,
When the burning vows were plighted
On the banks of the Manatee.

Who knows what words were spoken
Where the orange blossoms grow,
When our mother was a lassie
In the days of long ago.
For the bunch of withered flowers
And the letters that you see
May have brought two hearts together
On the banks of the Manatee.

SONGS OF THE HEART.

And the glamour of the evening,
In the fragrant southern clime,
Still softens all the senses,
As in days of youthful time.
While she closes down the cover
And slowly turns the key,
No doubt her mind is far away
On the banks of the Manatee.

The Tam o' Shanter Girl.

You're dashing and you're artless,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
Your ways are rather heartless,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
And everywhere we see you,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
'Tis pleasant to be near you,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!

Of course we'll have to stand it,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
If you'll wear it like a bandit,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
Slap it on in any way,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
Stick a pin, and let it stay,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!

THE TAM O' SHANTER GIRL.

And if your hair is streaming,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
And in the sun is gleaming,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
No fairy's more entrancing,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
You set our hearts a-dancing,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!

With a bow or two together,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
And a saucy, little feather,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
You ride along the highway,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
The beauty of the by-way,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!

Your dimpled cheeks are rosy,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
You're a charming little posy,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
You've all our fond protection,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!
And much of our affection,
Oh, Tam o' Shanter girl!

Blanchette.

Petite and dainty,
Little maid,
May you never,
Never fade.

Blanchette, divine!
A posy, you—
As sparkling as
The morning dew.

With merry eyes
And golden hair,
Flitting here and
Flying there.

Blanchette, my dear,
A little kiss
From rosy lips
You'll never miss.

No? Blanchette!
You'll be obeyed,
Although you're but
A lady's maid.

THE BLUE-EYED BOY.

The Blue-Eyed Boy.

The blue-eyed boy
Was only nine,
And Katie only eight.
Said blue-eyed boy,
"Will you be mine?"
To Katie, only eight.
"Yes, I'll be yours,"
Sweet Katie said;
"A blue-eyed boy
I'd like to wed."

The blue-eyed boy
Of ten and eight
Loved Katie, sweet sixteen.
Said blue-eyed boy,
"I love you, Kate,"
And she but sweet sixteen.
She hesitated,
Then opined,
"You're blue eyed, but—
I'm color blind!"

SONGS OF THE HEART.

The blue-eyed boy
 A journey made—
Katie clung to mother.
The blue-eyed boy,
 A lively blade,
Was married to another.
 This goes to show
 'Tis hard to find
 A partner when
 One's color blind.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

Reveries of the Past.

Oh, sing of the fragrant days,
Of the golden-tinted clime,
When youthful hours
In Nature's bowers
Made earthly life sublime.

For those were the days, the joyous days,
The time of the dew-dipped rose,
When little we knew of the bitter frays
And anguish of human woes.

Then were the blithesome birds
Sweet in their soft refrain,
The murmuring breeze
Through blossomed trees,
Echoed the tender strain.

Then was the sun at its dizzy height,
And dulled the hidden sorrow;
The pansy smiled at the lily bright,
And no one cared for the morrow.

And cool was the silver pool,
Kissed by the sunlight gleam,
And timorous shade
Of darkened glade
Fondled the golden beam.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

'Twas then that we lived as the angels do,
Who kneel by the radiant throne—
Singing the songs of lovers true,
And calling the world our own.

Beautiful are the storm clouds
Racing across the sky,
O'er mountains steep
And valleys deep
The winds went whirling by.

Well we remember the passionate joy
And surge of the welling heart,
When taking the kiss from the maiden coy—
We promised we ne'er would part.

List! From o'er the moorland,
We hear the convent bell;
The day is done,
And dying sun
Goes out with distant knell.

Melting away, the dreams take flight,
The flowers by the wayside fall,
And youthful days and prospects bright
Have flown beyond recall.

Faith.

What subtle force is that which moves
The soul to mighty deeds—
That brings to surface all the good,
And strengthens all the creeds?
First it seems we've naught to do
But fold our hands and wait,
And then the shadows fade away—
We see beyond the Gate.

By faith alone we find the path
That leads to shadowland,
And things appear in clearer light
Now that we understand.
'Tis Faith that melts the winding mist
That clouds the human brain,
And puts us back on firmer ground
Beyond the touch of pain.

And when you feel that you have lost
A tried and loving friend,
In whom you placed your sacred trust
Till life was at an end—
How sweet the thought that gently sings
Of friendship reunited,
That somewhere in the far beyond
Your sorrows will be righted!

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

'Tis then that Faith, on mercy bent,
Comes softly to your aid,
And lifts your soul to higher realms
Beyond this gloomy shade;
And were it not that you possessed
This angel's guiding hand,
There'd be no hope of better life
And peace would never stand.

And so it is, in life and death,
In love and sore affliction,
That Faith steps in and intercedes
With gracious benediction.
Worlds may come and worlds may go,
In countless alternation,
But Faith remains to cheer us on
To ultimate salvation.

Smiles Count.

Did you ever stop to think, my friend,
Of the good that you might do,
By smiling at the bitter deeds
That others do to you?
One by one these smiles you'll find
In the book the angels keep,
And in your life's declining hours,
A sweet reward you'll reap.

HOPE.

Hope.

And Hope! The thought that lingers last
To soothe the deepest sorrow,
And gives delight in that we would
See sunshine on the morrow—
How sweet the comfort you extend
When burdens are oppressing!
How restful to the weary mind
When Hope confers her blessing!

As shadows cross your winding path
And fortune seems forgetful,
Hope, in never-ending kindness,
Makes life seem less regretful.
And then it is to waking mind
The lesson comes quite plainly,
That all the good things we receive
Are gained through troubles, mainly.

No patriot yet has fought the fight
That won emancipation,
Unless his strength obtained support
Through Hope's affiliation,
And countless people live to-day
In bonds that none can sever,
And all because in early years
Sweet Hope was at the lever.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

And what, indeed, would lovers do
If Hope were not their friend?
All pledges, vows, and kindred words,
Would find a speedy end.
Hearts that throb in fond attune
Would beat in keen dismay,
And bleed, perhaps, in sore distress
If Hope declined to stay.

In all we think and all we do,
No matter what the action,
We needs must count on better things
For present satisfaction.
Skies are clear and dawn is here,
Burdens seem the lighter,
Laughing eyes supplant the tears,
The world, through Hope, is brighter.

Charity.

Blessed is he who gives away
A portion of his goods,
Relieving thus the weary chap
Who's stumbling through the woods.
According to the saying true,
'Tis better than receiving,
And living deeds have proved it well
That this is worth believing.

CHARITY.

Heroes in a battle's storm
Most daring chances take;
The roll is called, and then 'tis found
They died for country's sake.
Glory's laurels they deserve,
But few are better fitted
To wear the crown than those who stoop
To help the one unpitied.

For all around us, day by day,
Is sorrow, grief, and pain—
Things persist in going wrong
And won't come right again.
Not always do the scalding tears
Describe the tortured heart,
And that's the time that you and I
Should do our humble part.

A cheery word at just the time
That words would stop the tears,
More good will do than all the books
You've read in twenty years.
The clasp of hand and breezy smile
Might straighten out the line,
And just the smallest piece of gold
Might cause the sun to shine.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

You and I should not forget
'Tis many times the case
That kindly acts wipe out the pain
And are never out of place.
And often, too, a silent deed,
That helps along your neighbor,
Assists you in your daily work,
And makes it lighter labor.

Some of the Good Things.

It's a solace that you never know
What's coming on the morrow;
It's a solace that the stormy clouds
Show silver after sorrow.
It's a solace when you have a friend
Who pats you on the back;
It's a solace if you keep your head
When gossips loudly clack.

It's a solace that some happiness
Is granted now and then;
It's a solace that the world contains
More maidens than the men.
It's a solace that the narrow path
Will lead away from strife;
It's a solace that in living well
We'll find a better life.

To the Future.

Oblivion, happiness, or rest—

What does the parting mean?

They say 'tis for the very best

That death should come between.

Hard it seems, when we've attained

The joys that life can give,

That we should lose the vantage gained

When we have ceased to live.

The tender stalk grows on apace,

And knows its proper season;

The little leaf fills in its place,

And queries not the reason.

Behold the blossom! Fragrant! Sweet!

Its petals tipped with dew—

In modesty—refined, discreet—

Its beauties ever new.

Yet the scholar most profound

Knows not the source of power

That in the plant made life abound

And blessed the scented flower.

There's the rose, with velvet glow,

It spreads before the eye,

And something caused the plant to grow,

A fact you can't deny.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

And if there is a Mighty Hand
That cares for little things,
A way for you no doubt is planned
That sure protection brings.
So let your grievance slide away,
Don't fill your head with bubbles,
The world is turning every day,
Regardless of your troubles.

Between the Lines.

Sometimes the jest is written,
And the funny side you see,
Though the story's not exalting
You betray the wildest glee.
And when you stop to ponder
Over all the outward signs,
You wonder if you really read
The thoughts between the lines.

There's the letter from the mother
That is written from the heart,
And the teardrops on the pages
Tell the story from the start;
And her gentle admonition
Is the kind that oft refines,
If you'll only give attention
To the thoughts between the lines.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

'Tis not always on the surface
That you find the richest ore;
You must dig beyond the strata
If you want the golden store.
Purple grapes in ripened clusters
Can be reached upon the vines—
If you'll profit by the wisdom
That you read between the lines.

See the roses and the lilies
And the dear forget-me-not;
You can have them if you seek them
In the fragrant garden spot.
And the trailing orange blossom
For the happy man entwines,
If he'll only heed the precepts
That he finds between the lines.

On a placid lake we're sailing,
O'er a smooth and glassy floor,
And the sun is surely crowded
By the shadows from the shore.
And we're constantly reminded
By the whisper of the pines,
That our troubles are the mildest
When we read between the lines.

An Old Daguerreotype.

One day I found a faded glass
 Enclosed in gilded frame,
And showing faintly in the light—
 A face without a name.
For many years the velvet case
 Beneath the dust reposed,
And no one knew the maid of old
 Whose book of life was closed.

No ringlets did the lady wear,
 Her hair was smoothly laid;
Around her neck were golden beads
 That glistened in the shade.
No mouth was e'er more sweetly formed,
 Her dimpled cheeks were round,
And never could such brimming eyes
 In modern days be found.

The picture seemed to take me back
 To days of poppy vines,
When grandma led the minuet
 In sweeping crinolines.
And, dreaming, I could plainly see
 The maids just like the face
I found upon the faded glass
 Within the velvet case.

Who knows but that the owner of
This face of gentle mien
Once graced a hamlet on the hill—
A rose that blushed unseen?
And then, perhaps, she might have been
A leader in the set
That reigned in gilded palaces
By rules of etiquette.

Perhaps she was a noble wife
Of some one kind and true,
And when the sky was overcast
She knew just what to do;
And when the end of life had come
Her children mourned the day
That took her from the noisy world
To the land of Far Away.

* * * * *

The ashes of my memory
Are bitter sweet indeed,
As gazing at thy lineaments,
Thy name I long to read.
But recollection serves me not—
Forgotten is the face
I found upon the faded glass
Within the velvet case.

Liebestraume.

Oh, what longings in the song
That ripples through the measures!
Smooth cadences! Singing sorrow
O'er the loss of human treasure.
Dost thou tell of sighing lover,
Who, desponding, murmureth oft,
That the one he once had worshiped
Vanished like the zephyr soft?

Oh, the pain of severed heartstring,
And the moan of riven breast,
And the shudder and the flutter—
Love repulsed when once confessed.
Roses plucked and cast aside
Hold their fragrance but an hour;
Then, like leaves in autumn scattered,
Wither, crumble—lose their power.

And the rhythm of the music,
As it steals along the keys,
Tells of thoughts akin to sadness—
Of the face one never sees.
And the music blossoms dropping
With the touch of human hand,
Lend us sweet anticipation
Of the song of Heavenland.

An Epitaph.

Reader, as you pass along,
Your life with vigor filled,
Gaze upon the earthly mound
My body helped to build.
It hardly seems a day to me
Since I like you appeared,
When life was just as sweet and dear
And death I little feared.

But here I am, beneath the sod,
My body naught but clay,
My soul has flown to other lands,
Although I longed to stay.
'Tis not for me to whisper low
And tell you where I've gone.
It would not help you on in life,
Nor make you less forlorn.

My heart once throbbed as fast as yours
In love and warm affection;
I smoothed the tresses, golden-like—
The maid had no objection;
But when she rudely cast me down,
And others got the smiles,
I felt the same as you, my friend,
When woman soft beguiles.

Ambition, too, once filled my breast,
And spurred to brighter things;
I thought, perhaps, before I left
I'd stand among the kings.
But now the lilies, bending low,
Perfumes above me throw,
And all the friends I counted on
Forgot me years ago.

And while the Hand of Mystery
Permits me not to speak
Of knowledge that I have attained,
And that which mortals seek—
I fain would warn thee, passing friend,
Be careful of thy life;
Be wise, be patient, virtuous—
Avoid unseemly strife.

The Bells.

Ringling out in dead of night,
The bells with brazen sound
Tell frequently of danger near,
When men are heroes crowned.
And clanging out in ringing tones,
We seem to hear them say,
"Save your brother's life to-night,
Though flame be in the way."

THE BELLS.

And, then, again the pealing bells
A peaceful message send,
And serve to warn the youthful mind
To studies early bend.
'Tis then the playful antics cease
And earnest deeds come in,
The boy resents the swinging bell
Whene'er the sounds begin.

Mournful tolls the muffled bell;
Its measured tones imply
That shorter grows this weary life—
We're here to do and die.
Perhaps the bell the story tells
The loss of dearest friend,
And bids us plan to meet the time
When life is at an end.

Our lives are governed by the bells
That ring from morn to night,
That start us in our daily toil
And ring at fading light.
Oh, listen to the chiming bells
That bid us worship Him
Who finally will pull the cord
When dying eyes are dim.

Troubles of Our Own.

On every hand you'll find them,
They are crowding at the door—
The weary and the friendless,
And those whose hearts are sore.
For not all are over happy
When they're reaping what they've sown,
And at times we give our pity,
Though we've troubles of our own.

When our sun is shining brightly
And we feel like righting wrongs,
We are prone to think that others
Like ourselves are singing songs.
Though we cannot pick the roses
That are blooming all alone,
We should help the fallen comrade,
Though we've troubles of our own.

All we need is little patience,
And a cheery smile or two,
And our sorrow will diminish
With the good we find to do.
Let's extend the hand of friendship
And our brother's faults condone—
It will ease the heavy burdens
When we've troubles of our own.

SONGS.

Songs.

Let's sing the songs—
The old songs!
Of the days when hearts were lightest.
When the blossoming trees
And the flitting bees
Made the thoughts of youth the brightest.

Let's sing the songs—
The dear songs!
Of the time when we little ones wept,
When the tick of the clock
Kept time with the rock
Of the cradle in which we slept.

Let's sing the songs—
The merry songs!
Of the days when the children played
In the dancing ring
With shout and fling,
When time in its flight was stayed.

Let's sing the songs—
The sweet songs!
Of the days of love-warmed bliss,
When vows were given
And hearts were riven,
And troths were sealed with a kiss.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

Let's sing the songs—
The new songs!
In the midst of the present battle,
And stand for the right
In the thick of the fight,
And scorn the worry and tattle.

A Forlorn Virtue.

When He who made the sun and earth,
The sea and all that's in it,
And from the rib a woman made
(A deed of just a minute),

He gave the man nobility,
The woman lovely grace,
And all the things that go to make
This patched-up human race.

In mixing up the good and bad,
One virtue was neglected.
Sweet "Gratitude" was quite forgot,
And what could be expected?

The world has turned a million times,
And men have come and gone,
Yet "Gratitude" remains the same—
Deserted, sad, forlorn.

The Old Days.

In the old-time days of long ago
When life seemed only play,
I might have said "I love you so!"
Had I known just what to say.
But then you didn't know that I,
Though silent, would have waited,
And yet I could not tell you why
I thought that we were mated.

And in those happy days of old
Your smiles meant more to me
Than all the gems of shining gold
That kings did ever see.
Speaking eyes can sometimes tell
What lips will not impart,
And glances oft describe too well
The love that's in the heart.

If we had known in older time
The storms that were to break—
How rough the path we had to climb
For poor ambition's sake—
Our friendship might have been the same
All through the speeding years,
And neither could the other blame
For that which caused the tears.

SONGS OF THE SOUL.

'Tis hard for us to understand
The power that came between,
And broke the clasp of fevered hand
In a way quite unforeseen.
Perhaps the word was left unsaid
That might have sealed our fate,
Perhaps 'twas well that courage fled
In the time of youth's estate.

The breakers dash along the shore,
The sands of life are shifting,
And though we hear the billows roar,
We know the clouds are lifting.
And you and I still stumble on
With half the battle won,
And still we're hoping for the dawn
That ushers in the sun.

And More's the Pity.

Some close their eyes to human cry,
Though thousands they possess,
Nor deign to hear the lonely sigh
Of the wretched fatherless,
And more's the pity!

Some cease to think of other's weal
When fortune strokes their face,
And ponder not on how they'd feel
Were they in the other's place,
And more's the pity!

AND MORE'S THE PITY.

Some cannot see that sweetened life
From deeds of kindness spring,
And bring to play the two-edged knife
That gives the double sting,
And more's the pity!

Some cannot see the little things
That make this life worth living,
Nor heed the voice that softly sings
Of peace won through forgiving,
And more's the pity!

Some cannot feel the beating heart
That throbs in aching breast.
They know not what it is to part
With those they love the best,
And more's the pity!

Some see their fate in shining star
And judge their life by luck,
Not thinking that the only bar
Is lack of push and pluck,
And more's the pity!

Some search this weary world in vain
For objects idealistic;
The more they search, the more the pain
In yearnings for the mystic,
And more's the pity!

And sweet the day! And blest the night!
When worldlings heed the song
That thrills the soul with thoughts of right
And deprecates the wrong.
No more's the pity!

Midnight.

When day has died and stealing night
Takes place of toilsome hours,
And dusk gives way to shadows dark,
And beauty seeks her bowers,
'Tis then that midnight creepeth on
With stillness like the grave,
And gives to them who seeketh rest
A peace the tired crave.

Away with superstition's fear
That fills the timid mind
With goblins and all sorts of things
That stroll at midnight wind.
For there are those who ought to know
That when the steeple bell
Chimes out the stately notes of twelve
It has but peace to tell.

So let the fearful heart sleep on,
Afraid to nature meet,
And give us, pray, the blessedness—
The joys of midnight sweet.
'Tis then the soul communes with stars
And feels the Maker's power;
'Tis then that nature seems the best
In the quiet midnight hour.

Life's Springtime.

In spring the tiny sprout is tender,
Green and softly bending,
The crocus buds are timid-like
And coyly unoffending.
In many ways the things of life
Assume the fragile phase,
Just as they did with you and me
In spring of youthful days.

And everything seems blithe and glad
As warming sun descends,
And, taking courage then and there,
The twig more firmly bends.
Just so it was with you and me
When we were young and growing;
We lightly faced disastrous odds,
Nor thought we'd reap the sowing.

And when the spring and summer time
Give way to bleaker days,
The curling leaves soon softly drop,
And cold the twilight gray.
Quite so it is with you and me
Whose courage once was well,
The leaves of life will drop with us,
With twilight comes the knell.

Sister Casimir.

[These lines were written November 8, 1897, in memoriam of Sister Mary Casimir (Elizabeth Day), who died at Mt. St. Mary's Convent, November 5, 1897. She had been connected with the Order of Mercy in Manchester for seventeen years, and possessed a nobility of soul and brilliancy of mind rarely excelled.]

Hush! A soul has gone!
And softly ends the night!
Now begins the golden dawn—
Eternity in sight.

We'll ne'er forget thy gentle mind,
Thy tenderness and grace;
We search, and still we fail to find
The one to fill thy place.

These many years, with patience rare,
And sweet consideration,
Hast thou bestowed most faithful care
On passing generation.

And though again we ne'er shall see
Thy kindly face, and true,
Thy influence will ever be
Our guide in all we do.

'Tis hard! We cannot understand
The way that God provides,
But still we seek the Mighty Hand
In which our faith abides.

THE SWEETEST DAY.

We've seen the flow'ret fade and fall—
Its fragrance disappear,
But memory, oft, in sweet recall,
Brings back what we revere.

Regrets we have, and sigh we must,
We mourn the vacant chair;
We miss the face we used to trust—
The thoughts we liked to share.

And so, farewell! We only grieve
That we are left alone,
Rejoicing in that we believe
Thou standest near The Throne.

The Sweetest Day.

When fleecy bank and mist that's dank
Obscure cerulean view,
And it really seems that the golden beams
Would never filter through—
'Tis then we drift, till the breaking rift
Dispels the gathering gloom.

And sunshine comes, and nature hums,
And things are on the boom.
It's the sweetest day, as all will say,
When the clouds are spread apart—
When the golden light refreshes sight
And thaws the icy heart.

Consolation.

All through this life 'tis hide and seek
And chasing meadow lights,
Grinding down the poor and weak
And tumbling from the heights.
The strongest one receives the praise
The crippled genius fails,
And when we want the sunny days,
It rains, and snows, and hails.

Life seems to us a crazy-quilt,
A checker-board of strife—
Castles fall as soon as built,
We often feel the knife.
And when we think we have a friend,
We find it isn't so—
And thus we're sailing to the end
On streams that fitful flow.

But he who fights and wins the day
In such a world as this
Is fit to wear the crown and stay
In Paradisiac bliss.
And after all, the thought is sweet,
When comes the soft "Good-bye!"
That iron Fate will kindly treat
The one who'll bravely die.

A Song of To-day.

Oh, let not the pain, the sorrow and tears
Of the days that have melted away,
 Find room in the heart
 That was broken apart
By the troubles of sad yesterday.

But welcome the carol of sweet singing birds
In the shade of the sycamore tree,
 And the silvery song
 As the brook runs along
On its way to the far distant sea.

But little they reckon of the storms of the past,
Nor question the right or the wrong.
 The birds are still singing,
 The brook is yet flinging
Its foam as it dances along.

Think not of the pain of the days that are gone,
But gladden the day that is here.
 The sun is still shining—
 The gloom undermining—
The sky of the present is clear.

The Leaf.

Kissed by the sun, the rippling wave
Dances from shore to shore,
Touching the moss-green worn-away stones
That border the silver floor.
The leaf that drops in the shining flood
Is the cause of the rippling wave,
Sending the circles far beyond,
Seeking the land to lave.

Little things drop in the flood of life
And the ripples go dancing on;
Wider and wider they seem to grow,
As night gives way to the dawn.
Often we find that little things show
The doing of greater deeds—
The little leaf starts the rippling wave—
To greater things softly leads.

Bend Ye Low!

Bend ye low, ye lily,
To Majesty above;
Send aloft thy fragrance—
A token of thy love.
Teach me how to worship,
With humility and grace,
The Father who created us,
And set us in this place.

LOVE HIM A LITTLE.

Thy velvet petals, moistened
With kind, refreshing dew,
Remind us of the flowers
That in heaven grew.
Breath of angels fanned thee,
Made thy perfume sweet,
A single lily dropped away—
We see thee at our feet.

Love Him a Little.

Love him a little, 'tis all he asks,
To him 'tis a lifting power;
Love him a little for what he does,
'Twill help in the darkened hour.
Love him a little and then you'll lead
The man by the silken thread;
Love him a little, 'tis all he asks,
For thus is the spirit fed.

Love him a little, love him well,
The sands in the glass are falling;
Love him a little before the time
The Angel of Death is calling.
Love him a little before the sun
Has sunken behind the hill;
Love him a little before the heart
In its case of clay is still.

A Sunshine Morning.

Time flies, we go and come,
We say the sad good-bye.
 Perhaps 'tis well
 That none can tell
The hour in which we die.

We softly press the friendly hand,
The parting soon is o'er.
 'Tis the sweetest thing
 That none can sing
What the morrow has in store.

Fate is kind in all it does—
We know not what is coming.
 Let's sip the wine—
 What's yours is mine—
Here's to a sunshine morning!

SONGS OF THE HOME.

KATIE.

Katie.

True comfort it is in the early morn
When Katie comes on with the tray.
The muffins are steaming she hands to you,
'Tis thus she begins the day.
For Katie is rosy and smiling, too,
With tresses as black as the night;
She comes when you tinkle the silver bell
Like the old-time fairy sprite.

But more substantial is Katie dear
Than fairies the children knew;
No wand she waves to wonders work,
She's not of the ghostly crew.
Hot coffee she brings to the thirsty one
That strengthens the work of the day,
And welcome indeed is the breakfast hour
When Katie comes on with the tray.

For Katie has many a handsome beau,
Right fresh from the Erin isle;
The thought of the love of the honest heart
Is the secret of Katie's smile.
Once Katie was queen on the little farm
That's peaceful across the sea;
The memory sweet of the old folks there
Will sacred to Katie be.

SONGS OF THE HOME.

Hail to the call of the breakfast bell,
When Katie comes on with the tray!
We care not for trouble and sorrow then
When the muffins are on the way.
And Katie is smiling and rosy, too,
The coffee is steaming hot,
So welcome the call of the breakfast bell,
And blessed be Katie's lot.

Julie's Song.

Sing me the old songs, Julie,
You used to years ago.
Let me slumber, Julie,
To music soft and low.

My youth's returning, Julie,
Your cheek to mine is pressed,
As bending o'er me, Julie,
You sing the songs of rest.

That drowsy feeling, Julie,
Is stealing o'er my brain.
Just keep on singing, Julie,
That same old song again.

Still you soothe me, Julie,
In tones surpassing clear;
I sleep in spirit, Julie,
To the songs I used to hear.

THE LITTLE OLD HOME.

The Little Old Home.

Dear memory sings
 Of the little old home,
That stood on the hill on the farm.
 And the butternut trees
 That sighed in the breeze
Still murmur their tender-like psalm.

And blossoming vines
 Ran over the porch,
As fragrant as roses in June;
 And choice was the hour
 We spent in the bower,
With nature in sweetest attune.

Not the least of the visions
 Of childhood's delight,
That flit through the mind of to-day,
 Is the radiant spot
 Where we eagerly sought
The flowers in tempting array.

Lilies, verbenas, and
 Low-bending grasses
Were close by the velvety rose—
 The pansies looked up
 To the wild buttercup,
And there's where the sweet-william grows.

SONGS OF THE HOME.

Down in the orchard
The wide branches spread,
And gay was the red robin's song.
There's where the bees
'Neath the sheltering trees
Were busy all summer day long.

While the children are out
In the storm-beaten world,
And the lights in the fireplace fall,
Sit father and mother
Consoling each other
As the shadows are danced on the wall.

Dear were the days
Of the sweet-scented clover,
And few were the thoughts of the morrow,
And cloudless the sky
Of our sweet by-and-by—
But little we dreamed of the sorrow.

And something is left
In the little old home—
Something that's tender and true.
In the house on the hill,
There, lonely and still,
Are the old people waiting for you.

THE HUSKING.

The Husking.

Heed the invitation,
Bring the girls around,
Lots of little red ears,
Waiting to be found.

Lively is the cornbin,
Husks are on the fly,
Nimble fingers working,
Corn is piling high.

Music in the corner,
Fiddler's doing well,
Mother's getting supper,
Know it by the smell.

Loud a burst of laughter,
Makes the echoes ring,
Some one's found a red ear—
A forfeit it'll bring.

Blushing little damsel,
Tried to get away,
Fate decreed against her,
A kiss she had to pay.

SONGS OF THE HOME.

Hour or so of pleasure,
Seems 'twould never die.
Now the work is over—
Time for pumpkin pie.

Good things soon are eaten,
Farmers make a break
To find the cider barrel
Raving thirst to slake.

Clock is striking midnight,
Lanterns light the way,
Sweethearts travel homewards,
Love begins the day.

SONGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Rainbow Land.

The little boy's eyes were closed in sleep,
As the dream bells chimed the hour.
A faithful watch did the angels keep
O'er the little boy's resting bower.
Like rippling waves of the silver stream
That washes the smooth-white sand
Smiles o'er the little boy's face would gleam
In his flight to the rainbow land.

The little boy's dream will never be told;
The secret is all his own.
Beautiful things did God unfold
For the little boy's eyes alone.
When he awoke, the smiles were there,
But he could not understand
Why any one else should ever care
To know of the rainbow land.

Little he thought, this golden-haired boy,
Of the scenes of the far-away clime,
Pleasantest dreams were his to enjoy—
The sweets of his slumber time.
No wonder he smiled, if the little boy heard
The songs of the angel band,
And witnessed the flight of the paradise bird
In the realms of the rainbow land.

SONGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

His are the days of the fragrant rose,
And skies are red in the west.
Nothing of trouble the little boy knows,
As he sleeps in his downy nest.
Let's lay down the burden of life awhile
To be led by the childish hand,
Then we can share in the little boy's smile,
As he drifts to the 'rainbow land.

Marguerite.

A tender blossom, Marguerite,
Your manners captivate;
Your cheeks are dimpled, Marguerite,
Your smiles they punctuate.
Your eyes are brighter, Marguerite,
Than twinkling stars galore;
You've roguish glances, Marguerite—
And yet, you're only four.

You grace no ball room, Marguerite,
Nor lead Dame Fashion's set;
You're strictly proper, Marguerite,
No gallants have you yet.
None can blame you, Marguerite,
If your affection's cold,
You cannot help it, Marguerite,
You're only four years old.

The Authentic Version.

Tommy Tucker, bib and all,
Met Jack and Jill together,
'Twas just before the accident,
And balmy was the weather.
Tommy threw a kiss to Jill
('Twas done in just a minute),
Jack in anger threw his pail,
And Tommy wasn't in it.

Jack, the Nimble, was the cop,
He heard the doleful din,
And tossed away his candlestick
And pulled poor Jacky in.
Tommy Tucker couldn't move,
He laid as in a trance;
They took him to the hospital
In a bounding ambulance.

And Mary, Quite Contrary, said
She couldn't comprehend
Why Tommy Tucker should presume
To Jill his kisses send.
And Jack was hauled before the court,
To pay his money down:
He then went out to fill his pail,
And fell and broke his crown.

The Sawdust Doll.

Chipped and battered nose and chin,
The rosy cheeks are soiled;
Her eyes of glass would not stay in;
The glue-on hair was spoiled.
For years and years the lady's face
Was turned toward the wall,
Because in this particular case
She was only a sawdust doll.

And who'll forget the muslin dress,
With tucks in great profusion,
And spots of pink all up and down
In bewildering confusion.
Fingers deft had pinned the bow
That kept the worsted shawl
Around the neck, as white as snow,
Of the old-time sawdust doll.

Stars in the night are no more bright
Than the eyes of the laughing maid,
Who sang her songs in sweet delight
O'er the doll that was thus arrayed.
And naught can buy the lady fair,
Now battered beyond recall,
Because of the maid with sunshine hair
Who played with the sawdust doll.

ARBELLA.

Arbella.

Oh, dainty Arbella,
There comes to my mind
A time in the eighties,
Don't think I'm unkind.

For, dainty Arbella,
I kissed you, and squeezed,
Don't look so reproachful,
I'm sure you were pleased.

For, dainty Arbella,
Your years were but two,
Your pinafore rumpled
And untied the shoe.

And, dainty Arbella,
I tossed you about;
You laughed and you chuckled,
Forgotten the pout.

But, dainty Arbella,
You're graceful and tall;
Your beauty is striking,
And that is not all.

For, dainty Arbella,
You're sixteen and more,
And kissing's improper,
And squeezing, a bore.

Little Petey.

For he opened wide his eyes, as he gazed into
the skies,
And his curly head was bobbing to and fro.
For he wondered why the stars from the milky
way to Mars
Seemed to twinkle like the crystals on the
snow.

"They are diamonds," Petey said, as he wisely
shook his head,
"And I'll tell you how they came up in the sky;
It is so the robber men couldn't get them down
again;
Don't you think, papa, I've told the reason
why?"

And I pinched the dimpled cheek in a manner
to bespeak
All the love I had for curly-headed Pete,
And I told him how the stars, from the milky
way to Mars,
Was the golden path that leads to Heaven's
street.

JOHNNY'S NOAH'S ARK.

And I told the little story, how the souls in all
their glory
Had been mounting through the stars for many
years,
And 'twas farthest from my thought, that my
curly-headed tot
Would leave me while I lingered here in tears.

* * * * *

And 'tis now my dear delight, as I peer into
the night,
To keep my eyes upon the milky way,
And I fancy I can see some one reaching out
to me,
Like the little boy who's gone so far away.

—

Johnny's Noah's Ark.

'Twas Christmas eve in Boston town and nearly
twelve o'clock,
When Johnny Jones sat by the hearth and thus
his tongue did talk:
Oh, father, dear, when Santa comes, as quiet
as a ghost,
I wish you'd whisper in his ear the things I
want the most.

SONGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

I'd like an ark—a Noah's ark—as brightly red
as blood,
And all the beasts that ever grew before or
since the flood.

I'd like a hippopotamus, a dog, and cunning
fox,
An elephant, and yellow cow, and a wooden-
headed ox.

A dromedary, tuft and all—a horse of noble
mien,
A tiger from the far Bengal, and a spiteful
wolverine.
And, father, dear, when Santa's here, I want a
kinkajou,
A teledu and tatouay, and a ring-tailed sap-
ajou.

Please don't forget the kangaroo and the grunt-
ing chauri yak,
A zebra, too, the jumping kind, and stripes
around his back.
And give me, pray, an ichneumon and a grin-
ning chimpanzee,
Lions, leopards, long giraffe, and the graceful
wapiti.

A porcupine with prickly quills and the bearded
wanderoo,
The green and golden chrysochlore and a babi-
roussa, too.

JOHNNY'S NOAH'S ARK.

And Santa knows I'd like a bear, a koodoo and
kahau,

A jumping mouse, and antelope, and a rusty-
red nylghau.

Last of all my ark should have a horny arma-
dillo,

A pebo with his armor—an alpaca like a pillow,
An ornithorynehus, tamarin, the ermine called
the stoat,

And don't forget the gay poyou and the agile
cashmere goat.

* * * * *

No answer came, the boy looked up, the father's
eyes were closed;

He couldn't stand the language that his cul-
tured son imposed.

Santa stayed away that night, and crape was
on the door,

And Johnny didn't get the ark with quadrupeds
galore.

The Saucy Flake.

A crisp and withered little leaf,
Lonesome and dejected,
Was whisked along the roadside,
By every wind affected.

Once 'twas fresh and brightly green,
And golden later on—
Alas! The frost had done its work,
The leaf was quite forlorn.

A saucy flake of crystal snow,
The first of all the season,
Softly fell beside the leaf,
And thus began to reason:

“Oh, my! How dirty brown you are.
'Tis quite beyond belief!
Why should I keep you company,
You worthless little leaf!”

Just then a cart went rolling by,
And crushed the saucy flake,
And what was once so crystal white,
Did muddy pudding make.

WHAT THE PANSY SAID.

"Ah me! Ah me!" the leaf opined.

"It always was the way,
And every snarling little dog
Is sure to have his day!"

Again the wind a-whirling came,
The leaf went sailing on.
'Twas then the saucy flake did wish
It never had been born.

What the Pansy Said.

Dear Miss Marigold
Lowered her head,
Intent upon hearing
What the Pansy said.

"How nice it would be,"
Said the Pansy bold,
"To wander about
Like knights of old.

"Over the land
And across the sea—
A beautiful trip
For you and me.

"We'd climb the Alps,
And cross the plain,
Sail on the lakes
And back again.

SONGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

"The world would stare,
While on we went,
And wonder what
Our journey meant."

Just then the wind
Made a cutting snap—
Miss Marigold's head
Went off with a snap!

The Pansy's eyes
Were wide with affright,
And she turned away
At the terrible sight.

She sighed and said,
With a mournful shake:
"What dreadful risks
Some folks do take!"

Dreamland.

He was gold without alloy,
Our little blue-eyed boy,
And he bubbled and he chuckled
All the day.

When home I came a-bounding,
His prattle was astounding,
And he soon forgot that I had
Been away.

DREAMLAND.

He climbed upon my knees
Without even "if you please,"
And he made my cheeks a bright
And rosy red.

He punched me with his fist,
And my bearded face he kissed,
And his mother took him laughing
Off to bed.

My heart was filled with song
As I often went along
To see if he were nicely
Tucked away.

And I feasted on the sight
Of my golden-haired delight
As in dreamland he was smiling
As in play.

His toys, most rudely battered,
Around his crib were scattered—
His shovel and his little
Train of cars.

No more you'll hear his rattle,
His chuckle and his prattle,
For the blue-eyed boy is now
Among the stars.

SONGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

In dreamland he is playing,
With angels he is staying,
And I know that he will surely
Wait for me.

Since I put away the toys—
But few have been my joys,
And the little blue-eyed boy I
Long to see.

Little Johnnie.

On a bright sunny morn, as toot went the horn,
Little Johnnie jumped high in his glee.
He sat up all night and howled with his might,
He was noisy as noisy could be.

Some son of a gun, with an idea of fun,
Knew Johnnie had powder in pocket;
He lighted a match, with a brief little scratch,
And Johnnie went up like a rocket!

'Neath a green little mound can Johnnie be
found,
Where wind through the willow tree sings,
For Johnnie sailed high to the sweet by-and-by,
And was given a pair of white wings.

A LULLABY SONG.

A Lullaby Song.

Drooping your eyelids,
I sing to you, dear,
You are entering the land of dreams;
The things of the world
Will soon disappear,
And soft are the silver beams.

Hushed is the prattle
Of my little boy,
And rosy the angel's face;
Nothing at all
Will baby annoy
While he's gone to the dreamland place.

Sleep away, pretty,
Smiling and true,
And happy your thoughts must be.
What are your dreams?
Are they golden, too,
Like the hair that is waving free?

Mother is near,
Sleep, my child;
The angel of peace looks on;
Hush-a-by, little one.
There, you've smiled!
Oh, where have the blue eyes gone?

SONGS FOR THE CHILDREN.

The man in the moon
Is watching you;
He smiles when you are asleep,
And, baby, dear,
The long night through,
Keen vigils the bright stars keep.

The Whistling Boy.

Here he comes! Clattering along,
With puckered lips and heart of song.

Freckled face and stubby nose,
Cheeks as red as the velvet rose.

Little he cares for all your trouble—
Life to him is a gorgeous bubble.

His whistling's heard above the din,
Whenever his puckered lips begin.

Up and down the scale he goes—
In varied styles the music flows.

He whistles them out with equal vim—
Opera gems and the gospel hymn.

Hat on the back of his bullet head,
He's noisy enough to awaken the dead.

We wish you well, and lots of joy—
You careless, freckled, whistling boy.

Signor Lum Bago.

The man with the organ,
Sing tra-la-la-lee!
Was a nobleman in disguise.
In corduroys gray,
He played all the day—
The monkey was blinking his eyes.

From o'er the wide ocean,
Sing tra-la-la-lee!
This grinder had been but a week.
He soon fell in love
With a freckled-cheeked dove,
Who married the mottle-faced freak.

It pleased the Four Hundred,
Sing tra-la-la-lee!
'Twas heralded far and wide—
How Signor Lum Bago,
The high-crested Dago,
Was bought by a millionaire bride.

The Golden-Headed Bug.

A golden-headed bug on a
Morning-glory vine,
All alone!
Blinked and he winked as the
Sun began to shine,
All alone!

He couldn't understand when a
Fellow came along,
All alone!
And put him in a box where he
Never did belong,
All alone!

The bug he didn't know that the
Fellow took a shine,
All alone!
To a golden-headed bug on a
Morning-glory vine,
All alone!

You hardly would believe it, but
The little bug had fits,
All alone!
When the fellow took him home and
Cut him into bits,
All alone!

LITTLE GREEN APPLE.

And science was delighted when
The magic lantern sheet,
All alone!
Showed the golden bug's internals, **minus**
Head and wings and feet,
All alone!

Little Green Apple.

Sing hey! The green apple
That falls to the boy,
Whose mission on earth
Is but to destroy.

The little green apple,
So shiny and hard,
Takes that little boy
Quite off of his guard.

Hot stuff and the doctors
Won't cut any ice,
For the flip little boy
Will soon pay the price.

A little green apple
Caused 'most all the pain,
And a little green mound
Was the little boy's gain.

The Vain Caterpillar.

Caterpillar crawling up a sour apple tree,
And he was as pretty as pretty could be.
Up and down his back were tufts in a row,
Bobbing up and down, as the wind did blow.

His plumes were blue, and some were green,
Such a high-toned crawler was seldom seen.
And the little caterpillar—proud was he,
As he kept on climbing up the sour apple tree.

A blackbird sat on a limb overhead;
He was thinking hard of his daily bread.
He turned his head—Oh, toothsome sight!
Never was a caterpillar in such a plight.

Down swooped the blackbird—and, Hully Gee!
There was no more climbing up the sour apple
tree.

As he polished up his bill, the blackbird said:
“T'd rather be a bird, than a caterpillar dead!”

Before and After.

Ye lad hath dreams of merriment
About ye morrow's spread;
Visions of ye gobbler turk
Doth circle 'round his bed.
Chicken pie and cakes to burn,
Nuts and raisins, too,
Fill his mind with keen delight
Of happiness in view.

But when ye day hath come and gone,
Ye dreamlet takes a change;
He seeth things of frightful mien
And visions passing strange.
All ye night the goblins dance
Around ye pillow slip,
And then ye lad is sorry that
He ate at such a clip.

STORIES IN SONG.

Ballad of Rock Rímmón.

Before the white man saw the stream
That dashes o'er the rocks
Of Amoskeag and flows along
By mills and modern locks,
A swarthy maid with raven hair,
And eyes that brightly shone,
Awoke the hearts of hunting braves,
Who loved the peerless fawn.

The daughter of the chief possessed
The virtues of a queen,
And graces that in savage days
Were rarely ever seen.
One by one, the sternest men
Who ever trailed a deer,
Laid trophies at the maiden's feet
To win the smiles that cheer.

But all who sought the fair one's hand
Returned with drooping mien,
And clouded brows and faces set
With disappointment keen.
For like the maid of present days,
Who knows her winning power,
The maiden smiled the complaints away
And kept within her bower.

STORIES IN SONG.

One sultry summer's afternoon,
The scouts on distant peaks
Sent signals by their winding smoke
Aloft in ribboned streaks.
The code, when gravely read in camp,
Was quickly spread about—
A stranger came from southern lands,
Whose heart was tried and stout.

And Pequot prince, with royal shout
And tom-toms beating fast,
Was welcomed in the village street
For trials he had passed.
A message wrapped in otter's skin
Had been his pride to carry,
And when delivered, rest he craved,
For which he fain would tarry.

And, on the morrow, passing by
The maiden's modest tent,
He spied the eyes that brightly gleamed
With light divinely sent.
The blood in Pequot's veins was fired,
His heart was beating high,
He pressed his suit, and won the maid—
With him she'd gladly fly.

Not since the day the sun-god came
To warm the earth to life,
Did such a thing bestir the braves
To most unseemly strife.

BALLAD OF ROCK RIMMON.

Whispered talk and grating teeth,
And looks that boded ill,
Foretold the fact that savage men
For vengeance planned to kill.

Rock Rimmon was the trysting place,
Where Pequot met the maid,
And high above the rolling plain
The moon shone o'er the glade.
With clasping hands and face to face,
No fleeting moment missed,
The Pequot prince, so tried and true,
The chieftain's daughter kissed.

* * * * *

Hark! A crackle from the bush!
A sound to Pequot ear
That told of creeping enemies
And danger lurking near.
Behind him stealthy foes were crouched,
The maid was at his side,
Before him was the downward leap—
'Twas death to him who tried.

Faintly whispered words of hope,
And then the fondest kiss—
Pequot prince and maiden fair
Sprang o'er the wild abyss.
And crawling braves with hating hearts,
Whose thoughts were but to kill,
Shuddered at the Pequot's yell—
And then the night was still.

* * * * *

Many moons have come and gone
O'er Rimmon's frowning brow,
And all the tribes of savage men
Are dreams quite misty now.
But still, 'tis said, with air of truth,
Whene'er the moon is right,
That one can see as plain as day,
These lovers take their flight.

Loon Island's Priest.

[Loon Island, one of the prettiest bits of land in Lake Massabesic, is also one of the most romantic spots on the bosom of these beautiful waters. It is related that centuries ago, on the little island, the Indian medicine man held his sway, and made his sacrifices. Here the gods were appeased, and warnings of disaster or presages of victory uttered.]

'Twas two hundred years ago or more,
When verdure crowned the hills,
And where the town and hamlet stand
Were trees and dashing rills.
The men who touched New England's shores,
In ships with bulging sails,
Dared not to wander far away
On long and winding trails.

The Pennacooks, a mighty tribe,
Then held the whole domain;
They knew the subtle perfidy
That whiter men attain.

LOON ISLAND'S PRIEST.

They fattened up the wampum belt
By trading far and wide
With men whose skin was quite as red,
Whose ways were ways of pride.

And over on the sandy shores
Of Massabesic Lake,
The new-moon rites of Indian men
The strangest form did take.
And there, with superstitious dread,
Atoning deeds were done—
The gods appeased or glorified
Before the rise of sun.

There, over on the silver bay,
So peaceful-like and still,
Loon Island, jutting from the lake,
Gave home to whip-poor-will;
And only chief in feathered dress,
Or amuletted brave,
Would dare to touch the rounding shore,
And hope his soul to save.

And in the glisten of the moon,
Strange sights regaled the eye,
As mystic priest, in mask and horn,
Sent curling smoke on high;
And while he bent before the fire,
His shadow on the trees,
The tribesmen on the distant land
Invoked on bended knees.

“O, Pennacooks! Once mighty men,
 And countless as the leaves!
 The tread of paleface breaks the twigs,
 His sword of rapine cleaves.
 Rise up and claim thy father's land!
 Rebuke the strangers' greed!
 The white man softly takes thy hand,
 And still thy spirits bleed.

“Oh, Pennacooks! I give a sign!
 The spirit moves my words;
 I see thy wigwam moving west
 Before the flight of birds.
 And if I live by breaking dawn,
 My tongue has idly spoken,
 And if my spirit flies beyond,
 Thy camps will soon be broken.”

And on the morn, when rays of sun
 Had kissed the glassy lake,
 A stately chief in gorgeous craft,
 Loon Island's shore did make;
 And there beside the dying fire,
 The midnight priest reclined,
 His visage cold in clasp of death,
 And gone the prophet's mind.

* * * * *

Oh, sighing winds that listless blow
 Through forests' green confines,
 Come! Whisper to our waiting souls
 The secrets of the pines.

THE SHIPWRECK—A BALLAD.

Oh, where have gone the Pennacooks
Who roamed the sloping hills,
And glided o'er the silver lakes,
And mocked the whip-poor-wills?

Gone! Like mist before the moon!
Vanquished like the snows
That melt before the spring-time sun,
When sweet arbutus grows.
But still Loon Island's jutting rocks
Most plainly mark the place
Where painted priest foretold the woe
Of bravest Indian race.

The Shipwreck—A Ballad.

Through mist and storm and far away
In a land across the sea,
There dwelt a maid in humble home,
With soul of high degree.
Her softened locks, and beaming eyes,
And lips like honey sweet,
Were linked with heart that warmly throbbed
With love at every beat.

And o'er the hills had many moons
Their silvery rays bestowed,
Since he who claimed the maiden's heart
Had o'er the ocean rode.

He sailed away to Freedom's land,
Ambition in his breast,
And, parting, bade the lassie come
Whene'er he made request.

The skies were blue, and calmest seas
Were kissed by morning sun,
When from the little harbor sailed
The ship at boom of gun.
And on the beach the maiden stood
And waved the sad good-byes—
Her heart was overflowing, and
The dew was in her eyes.

Away, away, the graceful ship
Went skimming o'er the main,
Until one day the heavens burst—
The storm none could restrain.
No fiercer gale had sailors met;
The ship was on her ends,
And quickly to her doom she went,
As the bow the arrow sends.

Above the shriek of driving storm
The sailors' cries were heard,
Imploring Him to guide the helm,
Whose Hand protects the bird.
But ere another hour had passed
The crash of timbers told
That death had come with icy grasp
To claim the sailors bold.

THE SHIPWRECK—A BALLAD.

And all who sailed the gallant ship
Found graves on savage shores,
And none was left to tell the tale—
No sound but breaker's roars.
And he who sailed for Freedom's land,
Ambition in his breast,
Found peace beyond the raging main—
'Twas called "Eternal Rest!"

* * * * *

'Through mist and storm and far away,
In a land across the sea,
There dwells a maid in humble home,
With soul of high degree.
Her softened locks are gray and thin,
And lips are firm compressed;
The heart that once so warmly throbbed
Has passed through sorrow's test.

And o'er the hills have many moons
Their rays of silver thrown,
Since he who claimed the maiden's heart
Sailed off to distant bourne.
And many years the loyal lass
Has gazed across the sea,
But ne'er again will she behold
Her sailor bold and free.

The Glory of the West.

The graceful Uncanoonucs,
The glory of the west,
How oft the lays
Of savage days
Have echoed o'er your crest!

Majestic Passaconnaway,
The noblest of them all,
Would watch the light
Of beacon bright
That meant the battle call.

Pointed arrows, sharp and true,
Have whistled on your slopes,
And taunting tribes
With cruel gibes
Destroyed the stranger's hopes.

Sleeps well the valiant redman;
He's joined the spirit band!
He'll no more balk
With tomahawk
The white man's greed for land.

And the graceful Uncanoonucs,
The glory of the west,
Will no more hear
The warring cheer
That moved the savage breast.

The Educated Blacksmith.

Down the road beneath the elms, and just
beyond the bars,
The blacksmith sends the flying sparks a-fall-
ing like the stars.
How the heated metal sizzled, as we trotted by
the door,
And oft we stopped to listen, just to hear the
bellows roar.

And sage remarks he used to drop, while
bending to the iron,
For in politics the blacksmith was as brave as
any lion.
He knew just why the president had signed or
didn't sign
The bills that came before him, and why he
drew the line.

And while he stooped to pare the corns of
Deacon Johnson's horse,
He talked religion by the yard without the least
remorse.
He criticised the preacher man, because the
parson said
We couldn't get to heaven till we'd sought the
fountain head.

STORIES IN SONG.

What he didn't know about the octopus of rum
Wasn't worth a pinch between your finger and
your thumb.
When the country bumpkin said 'twas wrong to
drink a thing,
The blacksmith laid his hammer down, and
clipped the bumpkin's wing.

And when the sparks were showering around
the anvil base,
He'd lecture on society—contempt was on his
face;
The way he trimmed aristocrats and hoed the
dandies down,
Evoked the admiration of the people of the
town.

Alas! One day a little squirt, with glasses on
his nose,
Loitered 'round the grimy shop and watched
the sturdy blows;
And when the blacksmith wiped his brow and
saw the stranger there,
He opened up an argument, unmindful of a
snare.

For such a chance the little man was very much
elated,
For in the days of college life, for prizes he'd
debated.

THE EDUCATED BLACKSMITH.

He met the blacksmith fair and square, and won
at every turn;
'Twas then the son of Vulcan found he'd very
much to learn.

The blacksmith took his apron off, and vowed
that he'd been beat,
And up and down the village spread the news
of his defeat;
And oft it is when oracles have fallen from
their perch,
That those who took the wisdom in, defy your
earnest search.

Down the road beneath the elms, beyond the
pair of bars,
No more you'll find the flying sparks a-falling
like the stars.
The wind is shrilly whistling and the shop's
gone up the flume,
And the blacksmith man's a-sleeping in the
silence of the tomb.

SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

THE JASMINE.

The Jasmine.

[A Manchester lady recently received a letter from a friend in the South, describing the great luxuriance of the golden jasmine, which, in certain sections, completely smothers the swamps, woods, and hedgerow. The jasmine vine in its native element is very beautiful, and has a subtly sweet odor.]

Thou art wanton! Thou art wilful!

Thou art curving like a bell.

See the jasmine tassels hanging

In the fragrant southern dell.

Like the gold of dying day,

As the sun is sinking low,

Is the lovely, gentle jasmine,

As the summer zephyrs blow.

Running wild along the edges

Of the far-away lagoon,

In the lonely woods and sloping,

Thou art nature's fairest boon.

Unobtrusive, yet convincing,

Is the odor of the bower,

Where the yellow of the jasmine

Is the feast of idle hour.

And the blooms are ever graceful,

As they tremble in the breeze,

And the blossom gives the nectar

For the southern winter bees.

Thou art climbing like the smilax,

O'er the saplings and the pines;

There is nothing like the jasmine,

And its wildly climbing vines.

The Christmas Bells.

[Anthem written at Christmas-tide, 1897, and published in "The Manchester Union," to music composed by Walter H. Lewis.]

Bright the Star of Bethlehem
Glistens o'er the land,
Leading on the princes fair
O'er the desert sand.
Lowly in the manger bed,
Babe of Holy Name
Smiles the sweetest welcome to
The kings of worldly fame.

REFRAIN—Chimes are gladly ringing!
Soft the voices!
Heart rejoices!
Peace the dawn is bringing.
Sweet the lay
Of Christmas day—
Hear the angels singing!

Glorious Sun of Righteousness
Lights us on the way;
Christ has come to rule mankind;
Praise Him while ye may.
Heed the bells that chiming tell
Christmas day is here!
Angels join in holy song—
Their Gracious Lord revere.

FOREBODINGS.

REFRAIN—Chimes are gladly ringing!
Soft the voices!
Heart rejoices!
Peace the dawn is bringing.
Sweet the lay
Of Christmas day—
Hear the angels singing!

Forebodings.

The budding trees are here,
Likewise the crocus.
We have no need to fear
Spring's hocus pocus.
Balmy soon will be the air,
Sweet-perfumed;
Warmer than beyond compare,
Heat-consumed.
Up and down the country, too,
Bugs and flies
Make your language somewhat blue,
We should surmise.
All the money saved with care
In winter days,
You will throw it here and there
In lots of ways.
When drowsy fall once more is here,
With painted leaf,
Thin the purse will be, we fear.
Oh, time of grief!

Summer's Coming.

Summer's coming, sure as fate,
Birds and grass and flowers,
Sticky days and sultry nights,
And softly falling showers.
Winter seems eternal like;
The ice keeps hanging on;
Just the same, it's got to go,
As sure as you are born.

Soon we'll have the panama,
Russet shoes and crash,
Buzzing bugs and bicycles,
And golfing balderdash.
Up will go the mercury,
Dust will fill the streets.
Then we'll long for snow again,
And winter's cold retreats.

Summer's coming, sure as fate,
Flies and 'skeeters, too;
We'll have to have the heated term
As soon as winter's through.
After all, we ought to feel
That winter's not so bad,
And wishing for the summer time
Is just the same old fad.

Brown and Gold.

Brown and gold, the autumn lights
Are taken by the trees;
The finest of the yearly sights
Is nature's tinted frieze.

A little story once was told
By soft-eyed Indian maid,
Of how the pretty brown and gold
Were on the foliage laid.

All summer long the sun had tried
To make the transformation,
For green the sun could not abide
Without much perturbation.

'Twas only on a certain day
Old Sol could end the wrangle,
And only when the yellow ray
Should take a certain angle.

Somehow, it always happened so—
(And this you should remember!)
The day the green was forced to go
Was reckoned in September.

And then the yellow autumn lights
Pervaded all the trees
And nowhere were there finer sights
Than the brown and golden frieze.

Signs of Fall.

The fiend who asked with joy sublime:

“Is it hot enough for you?”

Is figuring hard at the present time,

With an overcoat in view.

The cheese-cloth suit must take a rest,

And the shirt of red-ink cast,

And the polka-dotted velvet vest

Is a thing of the musty past.

The clank of the ice tongs dieth out,

The ice man counts his gold;

The coal rolls down the tin-pan spout,

And the plumber groweth bold.

The flies are turning up their toes,

The screens will soon come out,

The football chap in fighting clothes

Sets up a savage shout.

With shorter days and longer nights

The gas bill's on a tear;

The farmer takes in all the sights

At the same old country fair.

The leaves are getting tender-like;

They'll soon begin to fall.

The eighteen ninety-seven bike

Is not in the race at all.

SADDER DAYS.

The curtain's up, the show is on;
The band begins to play;
The minstrel smiles and jokes upon
The topics of the day.
All this and more is but to tell
That autumn days are near,
And some one's pulling at the bell
That tolls o'er summer's bier.

Sadder Days.

You have heard them tell it often
Of the sad November days,
When the mind begins to soften
And we're singing dismal lays.
True, we find that in November
It is neither warm nor cold,
And if you'll but remember,
It's the time you're feeling old.

But sadder than November days
Are these at present time,
When snippy storms the senses phase
And frigid is the clime.
Zero is the fatal mark,
And nipping is the breeze,
And ice adorns the summer park—
To live is but to freeze.

New Year's Thoughts.

The old year melts away and dies,
And the new one takes its place.
We hear the plaintive, distant cries
Of the weakest in the race.
Perhaps they started when the year,
Now dying, was the brightest;
Perhaps the weakest cry you hear
Was then with joy the lightest.

Thus it is, as years roll on,
And plans are smoothly made,
That ere the next new year is born,
The dream becomes a shade.
We think we see the shining way
To all that's good in life—
A few short months, perhaps a day,
Will turn the peace to strife.

We struggle on, and softly bless
The moments that are golden,
And in forgetting stern decrees
Our souls we thus embolden.
And if we'd harbor just the thought
Of seeking better things,
And count the bitter ones for naught,
There'd be the fewer stings.

He's Coming.

The sprightly man will soon be here
With wheels of ninety-eight;
He'll tell you all about the gear
And other makes berate.
He'll make you think you never had
A wheel that rode so well,
And all the others must be bad—
Too bad for him to tell.

He'll stick a knife into the tires
To show they cannot leak;
Bend, and twist, and pound the wires
A thousand times a week.
He'll let you see some funny scheme
To stop the wheel from running,
And talk and talk a steady stream
Of other things more cunning.

Fare ye well! Old Ninety-seven,
For which we paid a hundred;
We cannot see how under heaven
We bought you and so blundered.
They told us when we took you in,
You couldn't be outclassed.
We thought the statement rather thin—
Your usefulness has passed.

The Whistling Winds.

The whistling winds!
Oh, what do they say,
As they're singing their sad refrain?
List to the sound,
As, whisking around,
The breezes are howling their strain.

Fresh from the sea,
Perhaps they are telling
Of mariners strapped to the mast,
Awaiting the dawn,
With hope nearly gone,
With death in the ice-laden blast.

How do we know?
These cyclonic winds
May have harried the burning sands,
And helped to its doom
Old Ptolemy's tomb,
On the plains of the pyramid lands.

It wouldn't be strange
If the blizzards that blow
And give us a shiver or two,
May have tenderly kissed
The ebony wrist
Of a maid in the Timbuctoo.

AUTUMN TIME.

The tranquil airs
Of the soft-hued night
In the land of the gondolier,
Have changed a bit
In their rapid flit
To this frozen-up hemisphere.

The whistling winds!
No matter their course,
Are slamming and banging still,
And giving the snow
A toss and a throw
And shrieking a frigid trill.

Autumn Time.

The moonlight rippled
Through the trees,
The leaves were turning gold,
And lovers walked
And sweetly talked
Of the memories of old.

The autumn breeze
Its perfume sent
To make the night sublime,
And burning vows
Did love arouse—
The hour was Cupid's time.

SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

The shadow cast
By stately pine
Across the needles lay;
All was still
But the whip-poor-will,
Who sang in his dismal way.

And waters dashed
O'er mossy stones
As the river rolled along;
The pledge was given
And hearts were riven,
To the sound of the cricket's song.

As over again
They walk the path
That follows the winding stream,
The lonely trill
Of the whip-poor-will
Brings back the autumn dream.

Beneath the Ice.

Oh, where are the flowers that blossom in
spring,
To whose velvet petals sweet fragrances cling?
Curled up in a ball, 'neath the ice and the snow,
The flowers are waiting for winter to go.
Then gorgeous in glory—in color aflame,
They'll greet you in May-time—their perfume
the same.

The Bumblebee.

The sweetest song in summer time
Is heard in idle hours;
'Tis the music of the bumblebee
Cavorting o'er the flowers.
He gathers up the nectarine,
And with it flies away—
A pirate is the busy bee,
Who bumbles all the day.

Your garden is the one, perhaps,
Where daffodils and roses
Invite this buzzing autocrat
To rob your laden posies.
It matters not a bit to him
Whatever you may say—
A pirate is the busy bee,
Who bumbles all the day.

Oh, where is now this lively chap,
In time of snow and ice,
When roses and the daffodil
Are worth a pretty price?
He's filing up his stinger end,
And planning for the fray—
A pirate is the busy bee,
Who bumbles all the day.

The Robin Fiend.

Sing ho! The all-absorbing man,
Who preaches on the weather,
Expects to see the robin soon,
And birds of kindred feather.
His eagle eye is taking in
The meadow at a glance;
He'll tell you when the robin comes,
With smile of broad expanse.

And shortly, with his ulster on—
His collar 'round his ears,
He'll come upon you sudden-like,
Like all these weather seers.
He'll tell you that he's seen the bird—
The harbinger of spring,—
That he was first to see him come,
The robin on the wing.

And soon a tale in type is told;
His legend greets the sight;
You'll find his name above them all,
Made famous in a night.
And science by her mystic arts
Has yet to find a cure
For him who sees the robin first—
And him we must endure.

The Jovial Junkman.

The jovial junkman's cheery smile
Lights up his honest face;
He's cutting coupons carefully,
In this particular case.
March and April are to him
When wealth and ease abide;
His men are busy, gathering in
The diaries cast aside.

"Fie! Fie!" The merry junkman said,
"I know a thing or two;
On human nature let me trade
And gold my path will strew."
The junkman walked about the shop,
His chest was filled with pride,
His storeroom overflowing with
The diaries cast aside.

The junkman owned a block or two
And rode behind a span;
He went to Europe every year—
His coin in rivers ran.
"Self-made was he!" the papers said,
When the junkman up and died;
But after all his pile was made
From the diaries cast aside.

Thanksgiving Time.

Homeward speeding, o'er the land,
Come father, son, and brother,
Rejoicing that once more they meet
Fond sister and the mother.
Thanksgiving's here, and praise is due
To Him who grants the day;
The flames within the chimney-piece
Now sing a merry lay.

And in the oven, toasting brown,
The turkey groans and flutters,
For well he knows his time has come—
No wonder that he sputters.
Right beside him, flaky white,
The chicken pie is steaming;
As mother tries the creamy crust,
Tommy's eyes are gleaming.

So gather 'round the festive board;
'Tis time to start the feast—
Nell and Susan, Johnnie, too,
And Tommy's not the least.
Bring on the pudding, piping hot,
With plums in great array;
Dish out the gravy quickly now,
And pass your plate this way.

JANUARY 1.

And pumpkin pie, so golden brown,
So luscious-like and slick,
And mother's just the only one
Who can do the little trick.
Grandpa takes his seat in time
To fill the polished glasses
With cider from the cellar bin—
'Tis sweeter than molasses.

Hear the din the baby makes!
He knows a thing or two.
Thanksgiving means a lot to him,
No matter what you do.
Let all your faces brightly shine,
Be cheerful while you may,
And make the feast a royal one
On this Thanksgiving Day.

January 1.

The youth will get his diary out
To scribble all he knows,
And strive his best to write about
His happiness and woes.

The fit will last a week or so—
He'll write his final line,
And not resume another throe
Till eighteen ninety-nine.

The Tea in the Jug.

The heated sun of old July
Will soon be streaming down;
The farmer man will wield the scythe
With freckled hands and brown.
All through the livelong summer day
The farmer man will plug—
And down in the bushes, shaded well,
There's tea in the gallon jug.

The grass will lie in even rows
Along the sizzling field,
And fragrance sweet as any rose
The new-mown hay will yield.
When the farmer's throat is somewhat parched,
And yearns for cooling slug,
He makes a dive for the shady bush—
For the tea in the gallon jug.

Swishety-swish! One almost hears
The whetstone 'gainst the blade;
The tops of clover soon will fall,
When July fodder's made.
The farmer man will mop his brow
And give his sleeves a tug—
He'll not forget the loving swig
Of the tea in the gallon jug.

THE BUZZING BUG.

The July sun may stream away
And drive the cows to shade,
And scorch a bit the farmer man
Who wields the trusty blade.
But little he'll care for burning ray
As long as he thinks to lug
To meadows fair the timely draught
Of the tea in the gallon jug.

The Buzzing Bug.

The June bug's fixing up his wings,
And oiling his creaking joints;
He's patching up his brown-hued shell
And sharp are his horny points.
When merrily peep the wall-eyed frogs,
In the young and tender night,
This horny bug will fly within,
And buzz around the light.

Oh, where has this antlered insect been
In the nights of ice and snow?
A grub was he when the north wind blew
And the cold was ten below.
But soon will this noisy, ugly bug
Come out in his raiment fine—
When pussy-willows have dropped away,
And the leaves come out on the vine.

The Summer Day.

Oh, give us the song of the blue jay bird
And the chirp of the chick-a-dee,
The hymn of the frog in the bulrush pool,
And the buzz of the bumblebee.
For nothing's so nice as the swishety-swish
Of the zephyrs in daisy fields,
Or the nostrils filled with the 'livening scent
Of the essence the grapevine yields.

Oh, give us again the humming-bird,
As he hovers o'er opened flowers,
And the song of the cricket at eventime,
In his cheering of shadow hours.
And the drippety-drip of the sunshine shower
Is cooling to fevered brain.
Oh, give us the time of the summer day,
And the stroll in the shady lane.

The June Bug Resteth.

The June bug rustles his wings
And sings:
"Heigho! To the maiden fair!"
He whirls 'round the light,
And stops in his flight,
With his feet in my little girl's hair!

The Tepid Day.

The tepid swash of yesterday
 Made matters worse.
No heat abatement came therefrom;
The farmer did not want that storm
 His crops to nurse.

The raindrops fell without reserve
 On weak humanity.
The leaky clouds could not withstand
The sun that swelled our own hat band
 And caused profanity.

The dude with crash and colored shirt
 Was to be pitied.
The girl who sported filmy lace
Wore consternation on her face
 As she flitted.

Humid, sticky,—million flies!
 What a day!
Was there no comfort anywhere
In breathing furnace-heated air?
 We should say nay!

The Dame of Ninety-eight.

Dame Fashion has decreed this year—
Dear woman must obey—
That big balloons no more appear—
Tight sleeves have come to stay.

And Paris styles are upside down,
The queerest e'er were seen—
Those monstrous hats have come to town,
In yellow, red, and green.

The way the dears must wear them now
Is o'er the side to flop—
So far indeed they don't allow
A ribbon on the top.

No circus man, with finest nerve,
Could balance them at all,
And if he could, he'd then deserve
The biggest pay on call.

Another thing the eye will greet
Will be the queerest gown—
Which runs from chin to dainty feet
In a panel up and down.

SPRING IS HERE.

Two buttons hitch the thing at top,
Two buttons down below—
These buttons form the latest crop
Of the biggest kind that grow.

In picking out her hosiery,
The Dame of Ninety-eight
Will find but little poetry
In keeping up to date.

Of plaids and stripes, and little checks,
And crocks of fine design,
With polka-dots and snowy flecks—
The styles are superfine.

Imbued in dainty mystery,
The sweetest of the fair,
Will revel in her lingerie
Of silks and laces rare.

Such a cinch no lady had
In old Parisian state,
That's seen in nearly every fad
Of the Dame of Ninety-eight.

Spring is Here.

Trees are budding, yellow-green,
And gentle spring is here.
The June bug sings
And spreads his wings—
He's getting into gear.

The Bugs are Here.

The farmer's crops are on the wane;
The bugs have come to stay.
These horny, antlered little things
Are working all the day.

They're striped bugs, with many legs,
Some red and gold all over,
And some have sixteen longing eyes,
And dote on fields of clover.

And there's the bug with sets of teeth
To rip things well asunder;
He chews the leaves of every plant,
And eats like very thunder.

Every man has dismal days—
The farmer's no exception.
Because the bugs are hard at work
He's driven to distraction.

If This Be June.

If this be June, give us no more
Of poet's song of roses,
For all we've had is what is bad
For colds in heads and noses.

SING, JUANITO.

Strawberries.

Strawberries prime in summer time,
Red as the crimson wine,
A juicy treat and taste as sweet,
As fruit from the winding vine.

All hail to the day in balmy June
When butterflies spread their wings;
There will we stay in close attune
With the joy that the strawberry brings.

In days of ice and lack of spice,
The maid with rosy cheeks
Invokes the dream of berries and cream,
And she blushes as she speaks.

So sing to the maid of winter time,
The queen of the frigid zone;
The strawberries fade in icy clime
In the warmth of my beauty's throne.

Sing, Juanito.

Radiant summer, angel queen!
Time of fragrant rose, and sheen!
Sing, Juanito!
Buzz, and jump, with sharpened bill!
Working while all else is still!
Bite, Mosquito!

The Sun Beats Down.

The sun beats down
On all the town,
And sizzles on the plains.
We rave and tear
For breezy air,
And board the seashore trains.

Straw hats are here,
And foaming beer,
Likewise pink lemonade;
And now we yearn
For cash to burn
On the seashore's summer maid.

July's Here.

July's here!
Let's drop a tear
O'er memories of June roses,
Whose petals dropped
Whene'er we stopped
To gather fragrant posies.

July's here!
The Fourth is near!
We'll soon forget the roses,
In blowing horns
When daylight dawns,
And raising Holy Moses!

THE ARBUTUS.

They Are Coming.

Blossoms, blossoms everywhere!
There'll be blossoms in the air!
Snowy petals on the trees,
Fragrance wafted by the breeze—
 By the breeze!
 By the breeze!

Birds will sing throughout the day,
Telling us they've come to stay;
These to us a message bring,
Thou art coming, lovely spring—
 Lovely spring!
 Lovely spring!

The Arbutus.

Down the sides of shady dells
 Early spring is fragrant made,
By the blossoms sweetly scented
 Of the vines along the glade.
Oh, Arbutus! Soft appealing
 To the sorrow-laden wind,
Bringing thoughts of tropic summer—
 Of the joys we'd like to find.

SONGS OF WAR.

Old Glory.

O'er land and sea the Stars and Stripes,
The emblem of the free,
Are welcomed by the shackled slave,
Wherever he may be.
The flag that curls in tropic breeze,
The grandest sight to all,
Is waving that the tyrant's throne
May totter to its fall.

And gleams the sword beneath the flag,
That strikes for helpless ones,
And on to battle thousands move
To free fair Cuba's sons.
No matter where the colors wave,
No matter when the time,
They float for rights to every man,
In every zone and clime.

So, up and cheer the flaming red,
The white and bonny blue—
The flag that cruel foemen hate—
The emblem of the true.
And as the Stars and Stripes unfurl,
They tell the sweetest story
Of freedom, life, and equal rights
Made surer by Old Glory.

The Maine Disaster.

Across the dingy, murky flood
Havana's lights were gleaming.
On board the noble battleship
The sailors brave were dreaming.
The guards who paced the upper deck
Saw naught but peaceful seas,
And o'er their heads the Stars and Stripes
Were flaunting in the breeze.

* * * * *

A flash! A roar! Volcanoes free!
The gates of hell were shaken;
Fire belched forth in seething streams,
And souls from earth were taken.
Three hundred patriotic hearts
Were stilled in awful death—
The pride of all the country's fleet
Demolished in a breath!

* * * * *

Woe to Spain, if treachery
Has done this frightful deed!
She'll pay the debt with interest;
Her fate will be decreed.
For every drop of blood that stained
The shark-infested water,
Spain will feel the penalty
And know the pain of slaughter.

THE SUBDUED PATRIOT.

We breathe for those who passed away
A benison of rest,
And know that they have found at last
The harbor of the blest.
They died for country just as sure
As those in battle's feud—
A nation mourns her honored dead,
And gives her gratitude.

The Subdued Patriot.

A year ago he loudly howled
That Cuba might be free;
He longed to take a hand himself
In eager jamboree.
He'd leave his home and fireside,
His dearest friends and all,
He chafed for opportunity
To answer duty's call.

But now that war is really on
And Cuba may be free,
You'll find our friend in Montreal,
As peaceful as can be.
Urgent business called him there;
He had to go, you know;
He moved his blazing fireside
A week or so ago.

What Would He Say?

If a ghost should crawl to the tip of beam
Of the wreck that lies in Havana's stream—

What would old Weyler say?

If the ghost should part his matted hair,
And then with a frozen, deathly stare,
Ask the butcher what he did there—

What would old Weyler say?

And then, again, if the Spanish scows
Should run up against the Yankee's bows—

What would old Weyler say?

And the Yankee boys should rip and tear,
Sending the shot through the smoky air,
Smashing the Spaniards here and there—

What would old Weyler say?

Supposing, too, that General Lee
Should help to make those Cubans free—

What would old Weyler say?

If Lee should sit in the palace chair,
And, gazing out on Havana square,
Smile as he sees Old Glory there—

What would old Weyler say?

WHAT WOULD HE SAY?

If a score or two of Gomez' men
Should open the gates of Morro's pen—
 What would old Weyler say?
Taking the guards, despite their squalls,
Throwing them over the bolstered walls,
Breaking them up like sawdust dolls—
 What would old Weyler say?

And what if a cruising boat or two
Should hustle across the ocean blue—
 What would old Weyler say?
And batter along the Spanish coast,
Living a while on Spanish toast,
And taking a nibble of Spanish roast—
 What would old Weyler say?

And then when the snarling fuss is o'er,
And the Lone Star flag is over the door—
 What will old Weyler say?
And the blazing torch is out at last,
And Spanish rule is a thing of the past,
And Cuba's freedom's firm and fast—
 What will old Weyler say?

The Buena Ventura.

He sat upon a shingle bunch,
His pipe was in his hand;
The Spaniard little dreamed that war
Had struck his native land.
And while the Buena Ventura
Was speeding o'er the crest,
A cruiser came along and put
The Spanish ship to rest.

He sat upon a shingle bunch,
On lumber-laden ship;
The cruiser fired a bounding ball
To interrupt the trip.
The Spaniard dropped his stubby pipe,
And rubbed his blinking eyes.
"Oh, ho!" The Spanish sailor said,
"We're taken by surprise!"

He sat upon a shingle bunch,
On Spanish decks was he;
Along the cruiser's whaleboat came;
No longer was he free.
They towed the ship to Florida,
And tied her to the dock.
"Oh, ho!" The Spanish sailor said,
"They gave us quite a shock!"

Havana Bay.

Oh, the moon is rising o'er Havana bay,
And the waves are splashing up against the
quays.

See, the lights along the shore begin to play,
And the sighs of Cuba float upon the breeze.
But the stillest are the waters over there,
Where sleeping sailors passed away from life,
And no more will they receive the tender care
Of the mourning mother, sister, and the wife.

Oh, the moon is rising o'er Havana bay,
And the murky waters cover those who died.
Though falling not while fighting in the fray,
They were bravest for the dangers they
defied.

And although we'll never see them any more,
We shall place the ivy wreath upon the grave,
And remember what they did and what they
bore—

They were heroes and the bravest of the
brave.

The Farmer on Deck.

Needn't slice no more of 'taters,
Not ez fer ez I'm consarned,
Fer, Letitia, I'm a-goin'
Ter the war, or I'll be darned.
There are folks who know it all,
Who think us farmers slow,
An' who believe, Letitia, dear,
Thet we're afraid ter go.

An' so ternight I'm goin' ter milk
Once more them Jersey cows,
An' then, Letitia, some one else
Can work beneath the mows.
Fer jes' ez sure ez grass is green,
An' the bloom is on the trees,
I'm goin' ter take this homespun off,
An' sail the Cuban seas.

The only fun I've seen around
The village streets fer years
Is when old Darby tried ter yoke
Two bran' new kickin' steers.
But now, Letitia, cast your eye
Along the city papers;
You'll read about some lively work,
An' Dewey cuttin' capers.

THE WINDY CHAP.

An' so I think I'll take er turn
Et sojer life awhile,
An' show them chaps with gilded braid
Er bit of farmer's style.
I'm goin' ter join the town brigade,
An' sling my trusty gun,
An' show them Spanish jumpin' jacks
Er farmer's kind of fun.

The Windy Chap.

Ye'd think ter hear these galoots talk
'Bout war and bluddy scrappin',
Thet all ye hed ter do wuz walk
To where the fight 'ud happin,
An' smile an' show yer sojer clothes
Ter those whose skelps yer want,
An' they'd forgit they wuz yer foes
An' run at speedy jaunt.

'Most allers them's ther chaps who howl
'Bout fightin' ev'ry buddy
Who never, with er fightin' jowl,
Gave face ter matters bluddy.
I've never seed er sojer yit
Whose bin all through sech trouble,
Ter lose his hed an' throw er fit
Et ev'ry burnin' stubble.

SONGS OF WAR.

An' ten ter one the chaps thet scream
Ter see sum shootin' cum,
'Ud ne'er be missed, 'cept in er dream,
By those they'd leave ter hum.
An' those whose thoughts 'er serus-like,
An' love ther wife an' child,
When forced ter raise an arm ter strike,
Wunt strike er blow thet's wild.

Don't mind ther chap whose buzzin' brain
Sees daggers ev'ry minnit,
Fer when ther bombs an' bullets rain,
This windmill wun't be in it.
An' ef, by chance, 'gin Spain we bump,
Ther man whose done ther thinkin'
Will bravely fight. Ther windy chump
Ter Canada'll be slinkin'.

The Soldier's Sweetheart.

Down the street,
The tramping feet
Keep pace to squeaking fife.
The flag unfurled,
By breezes curled,
Will float above the strife.
And rousing cheers
Disperse the fears,
As friends breathe out "Adieu."
Oh, raw recruit,
In dusty suit,
Your sweetheart weeps for you.

THE VOLUNTEER.

And when asleep,
In cannon's sweep,
In land where fever reigns,
You'll softly dream
Of how things seem
Way back in country lanes.
When letters sweet,
With love replete,
Go down to Boys in Blue,
They'll tell of tears
And lonely fears,
When sweethearts weep for you.

The Volunteer.

Head up!
Shoulders squared
And martial tread!

To the war
He's gone,
'Midst flying lead.

Eyes right!
Flag unfurled
And prancing steed!

Braving shot,
Yellow fever,
And the centipede.

SONGS OF WAR.

Leaves behind
A mourning maid,
With breaking heart.

In fateful war
And carnage hot
She has no part.

All she does
Is stay at home
And sob away.

In Cuban land
Her volunteer
Is in the fray.

Ten to one
When back he comes
His cheeks will sallow be.

And limping gait
Will tell the tale
Of Spanish cruelty.

All the same,
This grinding down
Of Cubans on the isle

Must cease,
Or Uncle Sam
Will Spanish grinders file.

SONGS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Metamorphosis.

And his mother didn't know him
When she saw his picture there;
He was candidate for something;
'Twas an aldermanic chair.
With his physog in the paper,
He was cutting quite a dash;
He would make the bosses quiver
When he swung his little lash.

For his hair is smoothly plastered
O'er his alabaster brow,
And his nose is Bonapartic;
He has brains you will allow.
And his moustache is a beauty;
Great refinement it denotes,
For his picture in the paper
Is the thing to bring the votes.

But, alas! This politician
Is a weazened little man,
And is lifting foaming schooners,
And a-filling up the can.
His saloon's around the corner,
And he cannot write his name,
But his picture in the paper
Is a corker just the same.

What the Robin Said.

What do you think the robin said,
As he twittered among the trees?
Right from the south the robin came,
From the land of the balmy seas.
"Surprised am I at the April snows,
And the north winds blowing free,
And food is as scarce as angel cake—
Surprised am I," says he.

"Another thing I fail to see,"
Said the red-breast, robin bird,
"Why temperance folks can't win a case
Before a jury heard.
But juries are funny things, indeed,
And wiser than I may be;
If they should refuse a nip or two—
Surprised I'd be," says he.

"When I went away in days of fall,"
And the robin winked his eye,
"Twas solemn-like and quiet here;
If it wasn't, I hope to die.
But since I have been in the sunny south,
There's many a buzzing bee
In the bonnets of men, for postmaster—
Surprised I am!" says he.

OH, WHY IS IT?

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" and the robin hopped
To the top of a picket fence.
"I think I'll gather my baggage up,
And get me a few miles hence,
For all I can see are candidates,
And they are too much for me;
If I'm not away in a week or two,
Surprised I'll be!" says he.

Oh, Why Is It?

Sometimes we see some funny things
In local daily walks—
'Tis then the hungry poet sings,
Of funny things he talks.

He wonders how the wily man
Who wears the mayor's crown
Can steer the ship and wisely plan
For other jobs in town.

Or how it is some aldermen
Can hold an office clear,
And carry on our business when
They're living miles from here.

Who can tell the thoughts that ran
Through politicians' minds,
When those at Washington began
To break the tie that binds.

SONGS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

And queer it is to see the chaps,
With faces lengthened out,
Who sought reward in office snaps
For stumping roundabout.

Those who've paid the sewer fees,
And lost the old receipt,
Protest against the city's squeeze,
In words we can't repeat.

Can some one tell why rosy maids
Who prize their reputations,
Should watch and wait for actor blades,
With throbbing palpitations?

Or why is it that people throng
To see the cheapest play,
And spurn the show that comes along
To higher art portray?

And still we laugh and pass them by—
And while the poet sings,
We cannot keep from asking why
There are such funny things.

Seasonable Hints.

If we could have our gentle way in this the
Christmas season,
We'd give some handsome gifts away, or else
we'd know the reason.

The mayor wants the postal job—he's a lap
ahead of Knox,
And hopes to stamp the letters that we slip
into the box.

To Harrington, the debonair, whose taste is
superfine,
We'd give a contract, seal and all, with Sara,
the divine.

We'd seek to please McFadden, too, a favor we'd
be serving,
In giving him the document that brings him
Henry Irving.

To Sulloway, who cries aloud for things beyond
his reach,
We'd give a berth for every man who ever heard
him preach.

SONGS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The men who have the streets in charge we'd
give a little token,—
A tract that tells them how to mend the streets
with stones unbroken.

The boss who runs the water-works with auto-
cratic sway,
We'd give the earth, a fence or two, and a
promise to obey.

And Wiggin, with his gentle smile, we'd give a
big balloon,
And ticket that would take him to the craters
of the moon.

And not the least upon the list is he from
Antrim town,
We'd give him keys to all the bars, and let him
shut them down.

To Henry Fife, the portly one, the man of
chowders hot,
We'd give a gun, with which, 'tis said, his big-
gest clams are shot.

And just to please the gay "Mel" Hall, we'd give
him all the coons
That he could shoot in all the nights for forty-
'leven moons.

HE HAS THE FLOOR.

To Sheriff Neal of Auburn fame, we'd give a
written scroll,
Depicting all the deeds he's done—'twould make
a pretty roll.

Thus we'd spread the presents out (we spurn
the proffered thanks),
To every chap we'd give a prize—there'd be no
Christmas blanks.

He Has the Floor.

Pull the throttle! Let 'er sliver!
Take the tag from off the door!
See the office holders shiver!
Mayor Barry has the floor!

And the cuckoo clock's a-raving,
As it did in days of yore,
And the palm is gently waving—
Mayor Barry has the floor!

In the storm he's never quailing,
And unmindful of the roar,
See the city ship's a-sailing!
Mayor Barry has the floor!

Piles of letters he is writing—
Sort of diplomatic lore—
No communication slighting,
Mayor Barry has the floor!

SONGS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Will we get some decent paving,
That is solid to the core?
For that's what we are craving—
Mayor Barry has the floor!

Rained the honors in profusion,
Still a smile he calmly wore,
For the honor's no delusion—
Mayor Barry has the floor!

In his sanctum he will greet you,
And not treat you as a bore;
He'll be more than glad to meet you—
Mayor Barry has the floor!

In a way he's quite a rustler;
He's alive in every pore;
He has shown himself a hustler—
Mayor Barry has the floor!

A Hoodoo in the Air.

There's disorder in the camps of the local Sairy
Gamps;
Republicans are very much oppressed;
It is patent every minute that New Hampshire
isn't in it,
And neither is Mark Hanna in the West.

A HOODOO IN THE AIR.

Since McKinley took the chair, he has whitened
all the hair
Of office-holders dwelling hereabouts,
For they can't begin to see what is called prosperitee,
And they're choking with their agonizing doubts.

And Sulloway has risen, like a shaggy-headed bison,
And tries to keep his district in the swim.
While he's busy raising Cain, he can see but little gain,
And McKinley doesn't hear his little hymn.

It is tough to be forgotten, and quite positively rotten,
That not a soul can find us on the map.
You can safely win the bet that the plums he was to get
Are not falling in the politician's lap.

When promises are made, it is sad to see them fade
Like the mist that melts away before the sun.
There's a hoodoo in the air, with his wooly bunch of hair,
And Sulloway is loading up his gun.

Timely Valentines.

[The following political verses accompanied a series of cartoons, drawn by John Edward Coffin, the versatile artist of the "Manchester Union." They were published February 14, 1898.]

The Siren's Voice.

[Mayor William C. Clarke.]

Willie C., you'd happy be,
With either dainty dame,
If you could only now foretell
The one who's worth the game.
So stick to both till something drops
To help you in your choice;
Unwise is he who always stops
At every siren's voice.

First and Only.

[Henry M. Putney.]

For you, the first McKinley man,
The public drops a tear,
To see you thus beneath the ban,
And trudging in the rear.
You and Percy figured well
To give us each a plum,
But why it is—we cannot tell—
The plums have yet to come.

TIMELY VALENTINES.

Cyrus the Blessed.

[Congressman Cyrus A. Sulloway.]

Oh, Cyrus, with your flowing locks,
And free and airy ways,
If you could hold the money box,
You'd hallelujah raise.
The gold and silver dollars, too,
In mighty streams would flow,
And every one, no matter who,
Would have some cash to blow.

Ode to Percy.

[Ex-Governor P. C. Cheney.]

How hard it is, my Percy, dear,
That things you tried to get
Are distant now—when once so near—
'Tis tough, my boy, you bet!
The office went across the line,
Where greenest mountains grow;
We scribble on your valentine,
The words, "I told you so."

The Antrim Statesman.

[Ex-Governor David H. Goodell.]

Oh, Antrim never saw the day
When men of great renown
Before went forth with least delay
To put the liquor down.

SONGS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

A smile lights up his countenance,
Right merry does he feel,
If only he by lightning glance
Can make the rummies squeal.

The Modern Alexander.

[Ex-Governor Charles A. Busiel.]

Alexander cried for more,
When worlds were scarce to get,
But you, kind sir, can see in store
Much more to conquer yet.
You've sharpened up the rusty ax,
The octopus to chop—
The B. & M. would feel the whacks
If you could run the shops.

The Candidates.

They are coming! They are coming!
They are twenty thousand strong;
They have money and they'll spend it,
As they send the boom along.
They have barrels and they'll break 'em,
'Twill be gold and silver, too,
For it matters not the color;
Any kind of cash will do.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The Granite State.

We love our noble Granite State,
Its rivulets and rills,
Its rushing, gushing, silver streams,
That flow beneath the mills.
The mountains kiss the golden clouds,
Their peaks are standing guard,
And down below the valley winds—
Dame Nature's boulevard.

We breathe the sparkling air that gives
Refreshing life to all;
No other state in all the land
Can give our own the call.
And see! The lakes are shimmering
Beneath the noonday sun;
They stretch from curving shore to shore
And skirt the wooded run.

Oh, keep your Indie's coral strand,
Your cañons and your plains;
Switzerland is not for us;
'Tis nothing for your pains.
Killarney's lakes mere puddles are,
The Alps are in the shade—
But let us keep the Granite State,
The finest land that's made.

Declined with Thanks.

The midnight oil he wasted,
As he wrote his merry lay,
And the poet in the garret
Labored on till break of day.
He was dashing off the verses,
While the muse was over-bold,
And the frost upon the windows
Made him shiver with the cold.

Twenty sheets or more he covered
With his burning words of love—
'Twas the poet's warmest handiwork,
Inspired from above.
When the day had fairly broken,
With a twine of tender red,
He tied the priceless pages,
And to sell the poem sped.

But, alas! The world's unfeeling,
And the long-haired poet wept,
For the critics said his verses
Had propriety o'erstepped.
And the tickets in life's lottery
That day were virgin blanks;
What the genius of the garret heard
Was this: "Declined with thanks!"

No Parting There.

Down the front he's always there;
The big bass drum is near;
He smiles whene'er the dancer tries
To kick the chandelier.
His polished crown reflects the light,
And shines with blinding glare,
And every one behind him notes
There is no parting there.

The missionary, sleek and fat,
Went down to southern seas,
And tried to win the cannibals
With orthodoxal pleas.
One day they placed the kettle on,
For missionary fare;
They didn't want to lose him and
There was no parting there.

He sat within his lonely cell,
When some one handed in
A little saw, with which he might
His way to freedom win.
He sawed with all his energy;
'Twas his to do and dare,
But through the bars he couldn't cut—
There was no parting there.

He wrote her many loving notes,
And styled her "dove" and "pet,"
He longed to call her "wifey dear,"
On her his heart was set.
But suddenly he changed his mind;
She vengeance did declare;
The court decreed, with damages,
There'd be no parting there.

The monkey climbed the waterspout,
A cord tied to his belt;
He tumbled o'er a cornice high—
The tug his master felt.
Dangling there, the monkey smiled,
Though treading on the air;
The cord was taut, and well he knew
There'd be no parting there.

Sun Glints.

Said Peter Snooks to Mrs. Snooks:
"I vow the sun's come out."
Said Mrs. Snooks to Peter Snooks:
"Of that there's not a doubt."

Then Peter Snooks and Mrs. Snooks
Forgot the rainy weather,
And jumped aboard their shining wheels
And scorched in finest feather.

Amoskeag.

Dear Amoskeag!
Little place of rest!
Nestling by the placid stream
Beneath the setting sun,
Blest the orchards, sweet they seem,
Where youthful days were run.

Fair Amoskeag!
Place of shady trees!
How cool the lanes in summer time,
How broad the winding street,
The fairest nook e'er sung in rhyme,
The place of calm retreat.

Old Amoskeag!
The mem'ries you could tell!
In days of Passaconaway,
The chief who ruled the hosts,
'Twas there he held the iron sway,
And made his warring boasts.

True Amoskeag!
Where virtue was the queen!
How many look to thee in tears,
And bless the olden ways,
When happiness repulsed the fears
That came in later days.

Peaceful Amoskeag!
She lies there undisturbed!
No spot conveys a sweeter thought
Of old-time maidens fair,
And in the shades were often sought
The loves we liked to share.

Trusted, Busted.

She was trusted!
And she knew it!
So she lived a happy life!
And, disgusted,
She did rue it—
That she wasn't some one's wife.

He was trusted!
And he knew it!
Many bills occasioned strife.
He was busted!
They did do it—
These collectors with a knife!

They were flustered!
And they knew it!
When the maid became his wife!
Both were trusted!
Ne'er outgrew it!
Trusted, busted—all thro' life.

The Land Beyond the Sky.

You mustn't think I'm dreaming,
Or my thoughts are flying high—
When I say there's gold a-gleaming
In the land beyond the sky.

See! The sun is soft reclining
Down between the western hills,
And the yellow shafts are shining
While your soul with glory fills.

And the clouds that once were whiter
Than the snow before the blast,
Are in gold and silver brighter
Than the ore in mountain fast.

It looks as though 'twould easy be
To step from off the sphere,
And sail across the limpid sea
That seems so very near.

In the rounded hills and valleys
Of the brilliant western sky,
Not a yearning mortal dallies
Till he finds the way to die.

Then his soul may be will wander
In the realms of fairest light,
Through the valleys over yonder,
That are gladsome to the sight.

And you mustn't think I'm dreaming,
Or my thoughts are flying high—
When I say there's gold a-gleaming
In the land beyond the sky.

Pine Needles.

You may tell us of the cactus
And the palm in southern clime,
Of the blooming orange blossom
And the lemon and the lime.
You may talk about your lilies
Of the river Amazon,
And the roses of the tropics
That are sweetest in the morn.

But we care not for the roses
And the lemon and the lime,
Or the swinging orange blossom
Of the wild and torrid clime.
We envy not the gardens,
Or the creeping jasmine vine;
We are richer in the fragrance
Of the needles of the pine.

The Acrobatic Corner.

Now is the time of the rub-a-dub-dub
Of the orchestra's acrobat man,
Who jumps from the drum to the tinkle-dum-
dee,
And makes all the noise that he can.

The rat-a-tat-tat of the castanet
Makes music when he takes a hand,
The flappety-flap of the swishety-swash
Is much like the jig on the sand.

Once in a while there's a slammetry-bang
As the cymbals come down with a crash,
And shutting your eyes, 'tis easy to hear
The snap of the thunder-storm's lash.

And funny indeed is the rud-a-dud-dud
Of the bald-headed musical moke,
Who rattles out tunes on pieces of wood
With many a lightning stroke.

No minstrel is quicker than he with the bones,
And he dotes on the tambourine.
He flippety-flops all over the lot—
He's the boss of the whole machine.

To My Pencil.

If all the secrets that you know
Were told for publication,
And all the deeds you noted down
Had really some foundation,
How widely read your tracks would be—
No novel more entrancing—
How many'd tremble, turn and flee
At your savage necromancing.

Perhaps in burning words you've said
A hundred things or more
To just as many pretty maids
Who ne'er were loved before.
And then you've jotted down the notes
Of life's regretful side,
And did the best your point could do
To tender secrets hide.

In treating of a spoiled career
Great favors you have shown,
By leaving out the crooked part
And thus the faults condone.
You've glided through some wretch's name,
To save some other's honor—
Refrained from writing out at all
The deeds of some dark corner.

THE FUSSY OLD MAID.

In fact you've been the greatest friend
To rich, the poor, and humble,
You wrote the song that soothed distress
Or made the haughty tremble.
Though worn at last to tiny stub
You still have power behind you;
I'll keep you in some chosen spot
Where quickly I can find you.

The Fussy Old Maid.

The poplar's straight, and so is she,
In body and soul alike,
And also, too, the path she walks
Is a straight and narrow pike.
She neither turns her haughty face
From one to the other side;
She's fussy in all she undertakes,
A fact she won't deride.

But what would the crooked planet be
With the fussy old maid away?
Although she's straight as the poplar tree
She's comforting in her way.
Her heart's as warm as the summer sun,
Her kindness just as wide—
The fussy old maid's the girl for me,
A fact I can't deride.

Awakenings.

She walked a ducal palace,
She wore a jewelled crown,
She drove a span of horses,
All around the town.
O'er her silken corsage
Gems were all a gleam—
But soon she was awakened,
To find it but a dream.

The sailor was a pirate,
He shot across the main;
Bigger'n Monte Christo,
Riches were his bane.
His vessel was the finest
From masthead to the beam—
But soon he was awakened
To find it but a dream.

She jumped upon the platform,
Hurrahed for woman's rights,
Called the man a tyrant,
In oratory's flights.
She pounded on the table;
"Vengeance!" did she scream—
But soon she was awakened
To find it but a dream.

AWAKENINGS.

Soft the youthful lover
Received the answer "Yes,"
Pressed her to his bosom—
The bonny, blue-eyed Bess.
Her father gave his sanction,
And blessings in a stream—
But soon he was awakened
To find it but a dream.

She dwelt in craggy castles
Along the river Rhine;
The sky was blue above her,
The air was superfine.
All day she read a novel,
With romance did it teem—
But soon she was awakened
To find it but a dream.

And really when you've sifted
An ordinary life—
Treasured up the peaceful,
Thrown away the strife—
Of all the fleeting moments
Most painful you will deem—
Are those when you're awakened
To find it but a dream.

Two Snowflakes.

Two little snowflakes,
Crystals and all,
Came floating along
Quite late in the fall.

Said one little flake:
"I've just been a-wondering
If in showing up early
We haven't been blundering.

"We're the first to arrive
In this dreary old town,
And everything here
Is dirty and brown."

The other flake said:
"Well, what do you care?
Let's rest from our journey—
It don't matter where.

"Now that we've started,
Together we'll stay,
So don't borrow trouble
Thus early, I pray."

A warm little chimney
Loomed up in the night,
And the feathery visitors
There did alight.

TROUBLE'S RECIPE.

You hardly would think it,
In this frosty weather,
Those two little flakes
Were melted together.

And here lies a lesson
For friends who confide,
Stick close to each other
When troubles abide.

Trouble's Recipe.

May be there's trouble in your soul—
But why should you repine?
Why sip at all at worry's bowl—
To drink the bitter wine?

Just take a thought that cheers,
With an ounce of don't-you-care,
And smiles instead of salty tears—
'Twould clear the troubled air.

Gray hairs come fast enough, my friend,
Why help old age along?
It lies with you to put an end
To sorrow's mournful song.

The past you would not resurrect—
You cannot reach ahead;
The present time should not affect
The rosy path you tread.

If everybody dropped their work,
And magnified their trouble,
This life would be an endless shirk—
A dismal, dreary bubble.

L'ENVOI.

So fill up the glass of contentment—
Better than crying is kissing;
Away with your bitter resentment—
Think of the fun that you're missing.

Sentimental Bill.

"Sez I ter Mary Ann, sez I,
'Them fellers are a-smilin'
Jes' becus I write a verse
When sentiment's a-bilin',
An' so I've laid awake a night
An' started up ther mill,
To scribble of my Mary Ann,'"
Said Sentimental Bill.

"She's jes' the craft that them galoots
Don't find on every sea.
My Mary Ann's a corker, an'
She suits me to a T.
I'll keep a punchin' up the muse,
An' stick ter writin' till
My Mary Ann is advertised,"
Said Sentimental Bill.

SENTIMENTAL BILL.

"Sez I ter Mary Ann, sez I,
 'You'll never wear a crown
For bein' called a han'som' gal
 Or queen above renown.
You're fat and freckled, Mary Ann,
 But jes' enough ter fill
The achin' void I've lugged aroun','
Said Sentimental Bill.

"Them fellers don't begin to know
 Wot you ken do fer me,
In runnin' things about ther house
 No better ken ther be,
An' if I hev a spell er two
 An' try a fancy frill,
Ther writin's fer my Mary Ann,"
Said Sentimental Bill.

"Sez I ter Mary Ann, sez I,
 'When these ere chaps began
Ter have some fun at my expense,
 They had no Mary Ann.
An' if they hed, you bet yer life,
 They'd all be writin' still.'"
And here he filled his pipe and puffed,
Did Sentimental Bill.

The Giddy Scorcher.

'Tis now the giddy little girl,
With checkered waist and all,
Gets out the bike she put away
In frosty days of fall.
She'll take her Tam o' Shanter hat
From off the kitchen nail,
And mount the speedy nickel steed
And on the highways sail.

Before another fall has come,
And leaves begin to curl,
She'll cultivate the lengthened pace, .
She will—the giddy girl!
At scorching she may beat them all,
With gear of ninety-eight;
That she will ride two thousand miles
We here prognosticate.

So let her swizzle down the road,
She knows what she's about;
She's going to show the neighbors how
She'll put her friends to rout.
For just as sure as summer comes,
This giddy little thing
Will break her neck in beating out
The scorcher on the wing.

The Easter Chick.

[During Eastertide, 1898, some one sent Klismet an "Easter chick," a diminutive souvenir of the season in yellow.]

Everywhere the human eye
Goes glancing o'er the way,
It sees the queerest chickens that
Were born on Easter day.
Red and yellow, blue and white,
Of cotton, wool, and paint—
You'll find these chickens everywhere
In form and manner quaint.

Some have wooden beaks, and eyes
Like little beads that shine,
And splashing spots of black and white,
Along the feathered spine.
And little splinters, painted red,
Make up their spindle legs—
Such indeed the chicken is
That springs from Easter eggs.

For 'tis a fad, you well must know,
To send them through the mail,
To friends who cannot help themselves—
To whom a chicken's stale.
For you'll confess, if fair you are,
No truly hen could lay
The funny chicks we all have seen
On the blithesome Easter day.

The Elastic Fish.

[Dedicated to Harry C. Morrill, Fred S. Morrill, Bart N. Wilson, G. B. Little, and Oscar P. Stone, who visited Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., February 24, 1893, and experienced most remarkable luck.]

No bolder men e'er left the town
Than those who sallied forth
To pull the trout from out the lake
Some sixty miles due north.
'Twas frigid when they started out
To find the icy shore;
The figures went below the notch
To twenty-three or four.

The lines were set and juicy bait
Was dangling at the end,
And finny prizes soon were caught,
More quickly than 'tis penned.
And one of them (now hold your breath)
Was four feet long and more,
And weighed (they swore it did)
Some twenty pounds or more.

And all night long the jubilee
In honor of the fish
Aroused the echoes miles around—
'Twas hot as one could wish.
But when they saw the trout again,
On the keen and frosty morn,
It didn't look quite half so large,
And many pounds were gone.

THE ELASTIC FISH.

And on the day they started home,
By cannon ball express,
They looked again, and strange to say,
The pounds were even less.
And when they reached the city streets
And showed their finny prize,
The speckled fish had dropped away
To an ordinary size.

And when they weighed the pesky trout
To ascertain the truth,
All this famous fish would stand
Was just two pounds, forsooth.
The spots were there, and flabby fins,
The head, and eyes, and tail,
But all the weight they figured on
Was then of no avail.

But still they tell the story o'er,
Nor change a single word,
About the biggest fish they caught,
And how the thing occurred.
They never get below the weight
They guessed the fish to be,
When first they pulled the monster out
And smiled in ecstasy.

By the Mountain Side.

There's nothing that can take the place
 (And the fact you'll not deride)
Of the sparkling water, cold and pure,
 Of the spring by the mountain side.

And it trickles, trickles, trickles!
 Through a narrow rock divide,
And moves along the little trough
 To the spring by the mountain side.

And you always find it happens
 That shady trees abide
Where traveler stoops to quench his thirst
 At the spring by the mountain side.

No throne has homage more devout,
 More love has not the bride,
Than the patient stream that flows along
 To the spring by the mountain side.

No secret does this little stream
 To you and me confide;
We query not as we lowly bend
 At the spring by the mountain side.

At the music of its waters,
 The soul is satisfied,
And daily sings the praises
 Of the spring by the mountain side.

GRIND OF THE MILLS.

Grind of the Mills.

The mills of the gods are slowly ground,
The poets have opined,
 But what's the odds
 If mills of the gods
Are slow in their daily grind?

Some wheels go 'round with rapid pace;
They're playing every prank;
 They always squeak
 Whene'er a freak
Is at the turning crank.

Our little mills need patience oil
To keep the wheels a-going.
 At any rate
 We've but to wait
To see the grist a-flowing.

The miller who repineth not,
Who sings throughout the day,
 Has sense enough
 To take the "stuff"
Whene'er it comes his way.

The Gas Meter.

See the spiteful hands a-jumping,
Quite erratic in their dance,
And the figures are a-humping—
In the thousands they advance.
And I wouldn't have believed it,
If my mother'd told me so,
That the bill, when I received it,
Could have dealt me such a blow.

And I fumed and grew pathetic
At the meter's awful pace;
I was gloomy and splenetic,
As I scanned the dial face.
And it passed my understanding,
When I cut the burners down,
As I found the thing demanding
Everything I owned in town.

I have come to this conclusion—
That we cannot help the things
That cause us great confusion
When the meter gaily sings.
And the gear is something frightful
That revolves the stubby hands—
Six months would be delightful—
Just a day in Arctic lands.

De Coon Gal's Wink.

I'se a-lookin' fer de gal
Who winked at me!
Sweeter dan de sunrise—
A-smilin' so free!
Mah honey bloss'm!
Fer de yallar gal wid polka dots
Up an' down her dress
Is a posey, an' I knows it—
No need ter have ter guess.

'Taint ev'ry coon gal
A-winkin' at me!
I'se a hallelujah niggah—
Jes' what I be!
Oh, mah chillun!
Fer I'd hoe pertaters all de day,
Keep a-weedin' at de co'n,
If de yaller gal 'ud tote along
Befo' de day is gone.

Eyes of de coon gal
Winkin' hard at me!
So like de silver stars
A-shinin' o' de sea!
She's mah baby!
Fer dis niggah's heart's a-bustin'
An' I'se deader dan a mink,
If I'se don't find de yaller gal
Wot's a-givin' me de wink.

City Comforts.

At first the water does a trick—
It breaks right through the pipe—
 Heaves up the street
 For many feet—
And paving bills are ripe!

Then some one wants a sewer in—
Tom Jones or Peter Hackett—
 Up comes the street
 For many feet—
The city stands the racket.

The smell of gas pervades the air,
The pipes have rusted through—
 Then tear the street
 For many feet—
We pay the bills when due.

Additions to the trolley line
Are always in demand—
 Oh, tear the street
 For many feet—
'Tis we who hire the band.

And poles go up, and then come down,
And poles go here and there.
 Rip up the street
 For many feet—
The people pay the fare.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Then dig it up, and up, and up!
Don't hesitate at all
 To slash the street
 For many feet—
We'll settle when you call.

There Are Others.

Our neighbor thinks he's just the chap
 To fill a certain place,
That no one else on all the map
 Can beat him in the race.
 There are others!

And Nifty Jones thinks all the votes
 Are being thrown for him,
That all his friends take off their coats
 To keep him in the swim.
 There are others!

If Klondike passage you have bought—
 The gold you try to reach—
Don't claim it all, for you are not
 The only pebble on the beach.
 There are others!

You seek a summer resting spot,
 A place where no one went,
But quite beyond your fondest thought,
 A score that way are bent.
 There are others!

Don't think because the gay soubrette
Looks smilingly your way,
That she's entangled in your net,
And ne'er can say you nay.
There are others!

You may be of inventive mind—
Your ideas more than latent,
But don't you grumble when you find
Some duffer's got your patent.
There are others!

Just keep your head and plod along,
To do your level best,
And spurn the thought that you belong
Away above the rest.
There are others!

The Veteran Fireman.

[Dedicated to the Manchester Veteran Firemen's Association,
a band of tried and true fire fighters.]

He ain't much use?
Those words are pretty strong.
We've seen the time
He'd run and climb
The best of all the throng.
Just because he's grayer grown,
And somewhat grizzled-like,
You think his courage long has flown,
To do with ax and pike.

THE VETERAN FIREMAN.

You don't think?
Ah, now you're talking, friend!
In days gone by
We found him spry
In battling to the end.
He always braved the smoke and flame
In day or deepest night;
Call him now, he'll be the same,
And fight with all his might.

Think it over!
Not long ago was Varick's fire.
The grizzled vet
Was out, you bet,
To help in danger dire.
Remember how he offered, sir,
To yank the old machine
From out the shed and start the fur
A-flying on the green.

And even now,
In case our troubles come—
You'll find him there
To do and dare—
The brakes will quickly hum.
You'll find the stream is just as wet,
The old machine will throw;
There's muscle in the fireman yet,
Who ran long, long ago.

Give him a chance!
He'll show his head is calm—
That blood will tell
When steeple bell
Rings out the wild alarm.
Though hair is gray and grizzle, too,
His eye is keen and bright;
You'll find him when there's work to do
In the thickest of the fight.

The Model.

Golden tresses, laughing eyes,
Blushes 'neath the curl,
Dimples in the rosy cheeks,
Teeth of brightest pearl.
Taper fingers, rounded arm,
Shoulders of a queen;
Every move is symmetry,
Goddess-like her mien.

All she gets is ten a week,
This bit of rare mosaic,
Trying on the ladies' cloaks,
A model quite prosaic.
All the day she turns about
Patient in her duty,
Not a dame of upper ten
Can beat her in her beauty.

HE LOVED HER.

He Loved Her.

He loved her, oh, he loved her,
But not for wealth alone;
He loved her through the speedy mails,
And o'er the telephone.
He loved her for her golden hair
And eyes of swimming blue;
He loved her, too, because she said
She'd be forever true.

He loved her, oh, he loved her,
And worried all the day,
Because he thought some other chap
Would steal his love away.
He swore he'd be her humble slave
As long as breath was in him;
He loved her, oh, he loved her,
But fate was dead agin' him.

He started out one night to call,
And roses did he bring,
But at the gate he met the purp,
Who didn't do a thing.
He chewed the chap who loved so much
And chased him from the door,
And all the neighbors round about
Ne'er saw the lover more.

The Flower Girl.

The day is not far distant—
She'll be a shining queen;
As a leader in society,
She'll beat the whole machine.
But now she's there a-smiling,
And she reaches up her arm,
For she's pinning on the roses
In a way that has a charm.

We can see the time approaching,
When the dimes are hard to get,
And we'll wish we had a nosegay,
When our sun begins to set.
Her merry eyes are twinkling,
Her smile's the sweetest balm,
While she's pinning on the roses
As she stands beneath the palm.

Perhaps she'll not forget us
In the days that are to come,
While she's flying in society—
A-making matters hum.
May be when she's a-dreaming,
And everything is calm,
She would like to pin the roses
As she stands beneath the palm.

A Friend's Advice.

[The fall of 1897 and spring of 1898 saw a great rush to Alaska and the Klondike regions in search of gold and many perished *en route*.]

'Twas nineteen hundred eighty-two,
Some hundred years ahead,
A Klondike tourist, keen of sight,
Was through the country led.

He pushed along for miles and miles,
Right through the Chilkoot way,
And when he'd tramped for fourteen weeks,
He stopped to rest one day.

At early morn he spied a block
Of ice of queerest mold.
He straightway smashed the chunk into
A thousand bits, all told. •

Quite ossified, a man rolled out—
He couldn't say a word,
But in his hand a scrawl was found,
This message long deferred:

"In eighteen hundred ninety-eight
('Twas in the month of May)
I came out here to look for gold,
And here I think I'll stay.

“Quite warm I’ve been and cosy-like,
For food I ne’er have pined;
These Arctic nights are great for sleep;
Much quiet you will find.

“Pray tell the friends I’ve left behind—
When once you’ve read this paper—
For frigid peace and solid rest,
The Klondike’s just the caper.”

The Rabbit’s Foot.

He wore the lucky rabbit’s foot;
It was a potent charm;
It drove away the goblins and
Protected him from harm.
He hung it on his plated chain,
And wore it night and day,
For many moons when trouble came,
With him ’twould never stay.

Alas! One day a cyclone came
And showed its angry teeth,
It toppled o’er a granite block—
The man was underneath.
And when they cleared the wreck away
The sight was sad indeed;
Rabbit’s foot and man were ground
As fine as mustard seed.

TUMBLE AWAY, RED CLOUDS.

Tumble Away, Red Clouds.

Tumble away,
Red clouds!
You have no business here!
Quickly flee
Behind the sea;
Your presence giveth fear.

Tumble away,
Red clouds!
Soft background to the sun!
The shining light,
And brightened sight
Make spirits lightly run.

Tumble away,
Red clouds!
The sunset's reddened cast
In colors flying
Reflect the dying
Of the gloomy day that's past.

Tumble away,
Red clouds!
There's no more use for you.
We've the warning
That the morning
With blessings God will strew.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Tumble away,
Red clouds!
Go bless the antipodes!
For other men
Will see you when
You rise beyond the seas.

Tumble away,
Red clouds!
Quite well we've learned your story.
You've taught us how
To meekly bow
Before His tinted glory.

What's the Use!

In hot July you cry for snow—
What's the use!
In winter time you'd summer know—
What's the use!
If dry, you'd rather have the rain,
If wet, you want it dry again.
Oh, what's the use!

Your coffers filled, you praise the poor—
What's the use!
And poverty you can't endure!
What's the use!
If rich, a cottage life will do,
Penniless, the opposite is true.
Oh, what's the use!

WHAT'S THE USE!

Single, you hail the married state.

What's the use!

Married, 'tis such a dreadful fate.

What's the use!

You swear to cling to her forever,

Then you haste the bonds to sever.

Oh, what's the use!

'Tis yearning, wishing all the time—

What's the use!

Now you're foolish, then sublime!

What's the use!

First you're up and then you're down,

Now a smile and then a frown.

Oh, what's the use!

There's little use in repining.

What's the use!

Gold is better in refining!

What's the use!

Worry trebles all your fears,

Makes you older than your years.

Oh, what's the use!

Those Babies.

There are babies always squealing
In the block across the way—
The music's o'er me stealing,
And their songs have come to stay.

And their little fists are pounding,
A *la* Corbett in the ring;
I can hear their cries resounding
As the little devils sing.

Oh, those babies, how they prattle,
In a language of their own,
And you can't withstand the rattle
Of an alphabet unknown.

And the racket is appalling,
Such a din you never heard;
Oh, the bawling and the squalling,
And you say a naughty word.

But the subject is a sticker,
Now that you're upon the shelf.
You were once a squalling kicker,
And a noisy kid yourself.

The Chaperone.

There she sweeps along the hall,
Curt's'ing here and there,
Shoulders gleam beneath the shawl,
Jewels in her hair.
In her train are angels three,
Fairy eyes and all;
As they pass, they gaze at me,
And then their lashes fall.

And oh, that I were in her place,
And just a chaperone,
Time would fly at rapid pace,
And I'd not be alone.
Dancing with those angels three,
Would be my fond delight—
Happy would yours truly be
All through the merry night.

Strange it seems that fevered dames,
Who've been through battles many,
Should first inspect our modest claims,
If we, poor men, had any.
But after all, perhaps 'tis true,
The chaperone's all right,
Because she's had so much to do
With everything in sight.

The Telephone Girl.

What maiden in all history
 (Name her if you can!)
Could sit all day and listen
 To the twitterings of man?
The follies and the jollies
 Which begin at early morn—
Like the girl who sits and listens
 When the telephone is on.

Her voice—is like an angel's;
 She is patient all the day;
While you mutter and you sputter,
 She has fewest words to say.
She answers you so sweetly
 When your soul is boiling o'er,
As when she says "Connected,"
 And your wrath flies out the door.

Do you ever stop to ponder
 On the people she must greet?
That no introduction aids her
 With the ones she has to meet?
She must be most diplomatic
 With all kinds of cranky men.
Let's remember and be kindly
 When we speak to her again.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

So, "Hello," my patient maiden,
May you ever happy be;
May no "crosses" e'er disturb you,
And to you we bend the knee.
May your voice grow ever sweeter,
And your labors lighter, too;
May we all be quite considerate
When with you—we have to do.

The Minister's Wife.

In daily life she always smiles,
Brimful her voice with cheer;
The softened tones do much to heal
The pain and dry the tear.
No sermons does she try to preach,
No other doctrines mock—
She's sweet—that's all—this loving wife
Of him who guides the flock.

And after all, perhaps 'tis she
Whose inspiration leads
The man of cloth to save the world
By planting gospel seeds.
No D. D.'s tacked upon her name,
Quite humble is her station,
But what she does in quiet way
Invites our admiration.

The Proofreader.

Fat and hearty, there he sits,
A king upon his throne,
And dashes here, and scratches there
He makes with heart of stone.

A streak of gray is in his hair,
And lines upon his face;
A smile is there, you'd think that he
Sat in a happy place.

Alas! He's troubled all the time,
And worried beyond measure.
Not beneath that sunny smile
Is much of honeyed pleasure.

Ads. and all he reads the same,
The sentiment is wanting;
He knows just how the thing should be,
And commas he is flaunting.

And when mistakes are often made,
The cause we little reck.
We jump upon this knowing chap,
And land him in the neck.

YOUR SILVER WEDDING.

Your Silver Wedding.

[Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bartlett, East Manchester,
June 30, 1898.]

Years have passed—just twenty-five,
Since God hath bound together
Man and maid in love's estate,
In matrimony's tether.
Kind fortune never once has failed
To bless these smiling friends,
And gifts she showered now and then
Were used to wisest ends.

Many suns have soft declined
Behind the western hills,
And ushered in the restful night,
When sleep its measure fills.
Days of sorrow,—sunshine, too,
Have been their lot to bear,
And each has borne the burdens well,
Their just and equal share.

The world has seen most rapid change,
As history's pages turned;
Men have come and men have gone,
And lessons have been learned.
Some survived the battle's din,
And won eternal fame.
Others failed to help themselves
And gave to others blame.

But sweet it is to meet you here,
 With friends who know you well,
 Who like you for your mental worth,
 Who loud your praises swell.
 You've fought the fight of many years;
 Your patience is rewarded;
 We join with you in praising Him
 In blessings He's accorded.

And there are those who'll ne'er forget
 That day in Barnstead fair,
 When blithesome maid; and rosy cheeked,
 Breathed out the marriage prayer.
 She trusted all to whom she gave
 Her hand in wedded state,
 And he has proved beyond a doubt
 A sturdy, helping mate.

She does not weep in vain regret
 That choice was rudely placed,
 And he has not a word to say
 That time should be effaced.
 For man and wife have sweetly lived
 In harmony and bliss,
 And love has grown more fragrant, too,
 Since first they gave the kiss.

We give to thee our boundless love,
 Our hopes for brightest days.
 We pledge our friendship, warm and true,
 No matter where thy ways.

A SURE THING.

We trust that fortune, once so kind,
May shine in future years,
And bring to thee the best of all,—
The faith that covers fears.

A Sure Thing.

I left a maid behind me—
The girl with the twinkling eye,
With tresses so bright
That they shone in the night,
And she breathed a sigh.

For she told me how she loved me,
And her manner was a treat;
She smiled and smiled
And my heart beguiled,
With her glances sweet.

Her spirit's always near me—
This maid I left behind.
Her smile I feel
From head to heel,
With joy that's unconfined.

And the maid I left behind,
The girl with twinkling eye,
May safely bet
My love she'll get,
Or I'll know the reason why.

Mary Jane's Advice.

In the flicker of the firelight
Sot Mary Jane an' me,
A-talking o'er the olden time,
From A to crooked Z.
We talked about our Samuel,
Fer I couldn't understand
Why he roved an' spent his earnin's
In a way to beat the band.

"You know," sez I ter Mary,
"I trained him fer to be
A man of much distinction,
An' a source of pride ter me.
An' here he's been a sportin'
An' a sorter flyin' high,
An' a-spendin' all his money—
Ef he hain't I hope ter die."

Now, Mary allus hed a heart,
An' a heart that allus bled,
Ef I criticized our Samuel,
No matter what wuz sed.
An' her smile wuz kinder lovin'
As she put her face to mine;
'Twas allus sorter wonderful
The way her eyes did shine.

THE SPARK IS THERE.

"Now, Eben," sed my Mary,
 "Twuzn't many years ago,
When you sailed around the county
 In a way that wuzn't slow.
Ther man he wuz a good one
 Who could lead you in the dance,
So, Eben, hold your hosses,
 An' give our Sam a chance."

An' I sorter thought it over,
 As my eyes began ter dim,
Thet Mary knew a thing or two
 Ef she was a little prim.
An' so I hev concluded
 Ter let our Sammy be,
In hopes he'll be successful,
 An' a source of pride ter me.

The Spark is There.

Don't light your fire with kerosene—
 This oil is no illusion,
For rich and poor, the good and mean,
 It stirs up much confusion.
For you can bet the spark is there
 That sets the flame a-prancing.
A whiff and bang! Up in the air
 Goes maid and can a-dancing.

The New Woman.

Tyrolean hat and
Collars and cuffs
She wears with the greatest ease;
And Annabelle dotes
On tailor-made coats
With pockets and all, if you please.

No terrors have fences
For dear Annabelle—
Over she goes with a smile;
She tackles the gym
With a rush and a vim
In keeping with masculine style.

She boxes and fences,
Punches the bag,
And ventures the rowing machine;
Hangs by her knees
To the flying trapeze,
And rivals the aerial queen.

She swims like a duck
And runs like a deer;
No jockey can ride a horse faster;
The scorcher must bend
And race to the end
If his mind is made up to go past her.

PLAIN DOG.

But when the new woman
Tries throwing a stone—
The gods never saw such a sight;
And betting is safe
No masculine waif
Can tell where that stone will alight.

Plain Dog.

Only a dog!
And yellow at that,
With matted and shaggy hair—
He scratched and scratched
And scratched and scratched—
Much trouble he had to bear.

Only a dog!
With short, stumpy tail,
And as dirty as he could be—
He whined and whined
And whined and whined
Whenever he couldn't agree.

Only a dog!
Like beads his eyes,
They glittered from morn till night—
He barked and barked
And barked and barked,
But never was known to bite.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Only a dog!
And a measly purp—
One of the smallest fry.
He sniffed and snuffed
And sniffed and snuffed
And clipped at a blue bottle fly.

Only a dog!
And he wiggled along
For the cat on the backyard fence.
He scurried and scurried
And scurried and scurried—
The little dog lost his sense.

Only a dog!
And a no-account cur!
Oh, why was he put here at all?
He sleeps and sleeps
And sleeps and sleeps,
Like a tangled up, yellow-brown ball.

Only a dog!
But more lucky he
Than many a loving swain would be;
He's petted and petted
And petted and petted
By the fairest maid you ever did see!

Only A Hair.

'Twas one of a bunch
Of golden locks—
 Only a single hair!
It placed my friend
In a frightful box—
 Yet only a single hair!

On the wings of the wind
It may have come—
 This innocent little hair!
But no matter how,
It made things hum—
 And only a single hair!

He carried it home
On his coat lapel—
 Only a single hair!
The more he explained
The less he could tell
 Of the little strand of hair!

The trouble it caused
Was simply immense—
 Yet only a single hair!
Tears and reproach
And long arguments
 Concerning this little hair!

My friend has become
Most carefully neat,
 And looks for the little hair!
He brushes his clothes
From head to his feet,
 His eye on the single hair!

While none will deny
That many a life
 Is saved by a single hair!
Yet many a chap
Falls out with his wife
 On account of a single hair!

The Pattering Rain.

How oft in the night
 You are softly awakened
By jingle of sash and pane—
 The music is clear,
 As it comes to the ear,
Of the sound of the pattering rain.

The twinkle of stars
 In the fine summer eve
Told not of the storm in the main,
 But the noise in the night,
 Though ever so slight,
Was the sound of the pattering rain.

THE PATTERING RAIN.

The tin roof rumbled
And grumbled and groaned,
The wind whistled doleful refrain,
And purely in pique,
The blind gave a squeak
At the sound of the pattering rain.

And over you rolled
In the tumbled-up bed—
The hours you counted in vain;
You juggled for sleep,
And curses were deep,
For the sound of the pattering rain.

It pelted and splashed
And spattered the earth—
Squeak went the blind again!
And above all the rattle
And din of the battle
Was the sound of the pattering rain.

The break of the day
Saw the rays of the sun,
And Nature did innocence feign.
But a pert little puddle
Told her of the muddle
Which came of the pattering rain.

Birthdays.

What! A birthday?
Sixteen, or twenty, thirty-eight,
Or fifty-two!
But you're a girl!
To tell the years you've wrestled fate
Would never do!

A secret of your own?
Very well, my dear, tell it not
To any one.
I need not guess?
Just let me try a fancy shot—
It's only fun.

Your eyes seem twenty!
I'd swear those ruby lips were
Sixteen fair.
Tassels on the corn,
Which the summer breezes stir,
Are like your hair.

A mind of forty
Scintillates like moonlight rays
Across the sea,
And, independent like,
Tells me that in many ways
We can't agree!

DIVIDE BY TWO.

Add the given figures!
And seventy-six the fleeting years
Count up.
Saucy man, am I?
Pray don't let your angry fears
Mount up.

* You're only twenty-two?
So, after all, perhaps I've been
A cruel bore,
For girls like you
Often know much more than men
Of sixty-four!

Divide by Two.

If all you hear were really true,
You might have cause to feel
That life indeed had pleasures few
And wounds would never heal.

No story told in all the years
Since time was first allotted,
But what the plot somehow appears
A little bit distorted.

So, what's the use of losing sleep
O'er what the gossips say;
Divide by two—the balance keep—
And truth will win the day.

Boom the Celebration.

[For many years it had been customary for the Manchester, N. H., Board of Trade to conduct a celebration each fall, known as "Merchants' Week." In 1897, the board offered prizes for ideas for Merchants' week features.]

Merchants' week will soon be here;
We need your close attention;
What we want is a good idea
To boom the celebration.

And fear not that your little scheme
Will meet with quick rejection;
Turn on the valve and raise the steam,
And give us some selection.

A diamond stud is a beauty prize
For the man who jumps the river—
A parachute for the chap who flies
To the lake without a quiver.

If a thousand pounds some youth will raise
And thus outdo his neighbor,
His prize will be just thirty days
At Grasmere, with hard labor.

And scientific burglars, keen,
With little perturbation,
Could crack a safe, and do it clean,
And win our approbation.

BOOM THE CELEBRATION.

The gay and festive city dad,
Who has no ax to grind,
Would make a show that's not so bad,
Because he's hard to find.

The League might into favor climb,
And give a sundry quarter
To the chump who drinks in quickest time
A gallon or so of water.

A scheme that takes its place in front,
In which we might embark,
Would be a red-hot lion hunt,
In the famous West Side park.

A chariot race on Hanover hill—
A slide from the highest steeple—
And other things would fill the bill
For the great and only people.

As Merchants' week will soon be here,
We need your close attention.
What we want is a good idea
To boom the celebration.

To My Pipe.

I caress you in my day-dreams
For the blessings that you give,
And the soothing of your incense
Makes it worth the while to live.
Though you're black from constant usage,
And your bowl is burned away,
You have been my dear companion
In the thickest of the fray.

Though you're scarred and somewhat dingy,
You are worth your weight in gold,
Just because you've shared my sorrows
In the hardened days of old.
I'll not see you badly treated,
But I'll place you in your nest,
'Tween the covers lined with velvet,
Where you'll find a needed rest.

And quite well do I remember,
As I toiled in midnight hours,
When my brain seemed over-splitting,
And my troubles came in showers,
That you brought me solace tender,
And dispelled my anxious fears,
In a way that earned my blessing,
And repulsed the crowding tears.

SOMETHING WRONG.

When the storm was angry, howling,
And the wind was over-bold,
When the rafters were a-creaking,
In the dead of winter, cold,
You and I beside the mantel,
As contented as could be,
Bade defiance to the raging
Of the swirling jamboree.

To my pipe I pay devotion,
As a friend of truest steel,
And I won't forget your comfort
When you answer my appeal.
For you've lightened all my labors,
And removed the grinding pain,
So I place you with my treasures,
As I murmur this refrain.

Something Wrong.

There's something wrong with you, my friend,
When you begin to think
That from the cup of keen regret
You only are to drink.
There's something wrong, you can't deny,
When you are worry's prey,
And when you think that no one else
Has sorrows to allay.

There's something wrong about your life
 Whene'er your mind reverts
To thoughts that all the world should bow
 Whene'er your pride asserts.
There's something wrong when you believe
 You are the only chap
Who should receive the best of all
 That drops from Fortune's lap.

The Narcíssus.

Her dainty hand had pinned it there,
 And, bending low, she smiled,—
Narcíssus, golden, sweet-perfumed,
 Whose fragrance soft-beguiled.
He wore it in his buttonhole,
 And everywhere he went
He thought of her who pinned it there,
 And wondered what she meant.

But sentiment was lacking there,
 She didn't care a thing;
She only pinned the flower there
 For what the bud would bring.
From noon till night she stayed behind
 The counter in the store,
And pinned the buds upon the coats
 Of masculines galore.

Then and Now.

Softly stealing o'er the flood, the music of the
night
Enthralled the senses, stifled grief, and put the
pain to flight.
Silver ripples kept the time, the strains grew
softly sweeter;
Twinkling stars seemed brighter as we listened
to the metre.

And as we paused on moonlit shores, beneath
the silent skies,
I asked her for her plighted love—she answered
with her eyes.
And then the music glided on from o'er the
distant water,
And as I heard the dulcet tones I knew that I
had caught her.

That was very long ago, when we were both
romantic;
Now we live in city flats beside the old Atlantic.
The hurdy-gurdy's all we hear—the dago's at
the crank—
'Tis then we wish that we were back on the
moonlit, lakeside bank.

To My Paper-Weight.

Days and days you've rested there
Upon my block of paper;
All you do is but to stare
When pen nibs cut a caper.

Were you blessed with speaking tones
And read what's underlined,
I pity all the little thrones
That would be undermined.

You have seen the crooked tracks
That pen and ink have rolled;
Well you know the stacks and stacks
Of secrets they have told.

And if your lips could softened be,
And you would tell my story,
Ink would cease to run so free,
And dimmed would be your glory.

I'd gently take you far away,
And drop you in the stream,
Where you should ever, ever stay—
A faded, shattered dream.

A weighty thing you are, indeed,
And that's your only virtue;
I only ask that you shall heed
My secrets or—I'll hurt you.

TO ROBERT.

To Robert.

A little mound now marks the place
Where darling Robert's sleeping.
Rolling time cannot efface
Our cause for tender weeping.
The roll of drum could not be heard—
No pomp was shown the dead,
And well it might be here inferred
No eulogy was said.

The wind is whistling o'er the main,
'Tis rustling through the reeds;
I feel the trace of sorrow's pain,
My heart for Robert bleeds.
For when I knew the gay deceased,
He revelled in the night,
While I enjoyed his vocal feast
And swore a mighty sight.

L'ENVOI.

A bottle laid poor Robert low,
A target did I make him;
He never knew who gave the blow,
And music did forsake him.
We gently lifted Robert up—
He lies beneath the mound;
O'er him bends the buttercup
And rest has Robert found.

A Week of Salt.

[During our particularly frigid season in Manchester, the street department sprinkled salt on the public sidewalks to melt the ice. The results were astonishing in all walks of life.]

There was salt upon the crossing and upon the
gutters tossing,
And salt we found upon the office floor,
For it ate our winter rubbers, and we cursed
the careless lubbers
Who threw salt in quantities galore.

On the sidewalk brightly gleaming, see the
snow and ice a-steaming,
As the salt is getting in its deadly work.
How we wallowed in the slush and cavorted in
the mush,
And everywhere the salty brine did lurk.

Sing, ho! The sloppy messes, that disfigured
ladies' dresses,
As the angels picked their way along the street,
For the bug from Buffalo and the moth that's
on the go
Couldn't make the damage any more complete.

For wherever we'd be roaming, in the morning
or the gloaming,
There was salt in every corner in the town—
In the office and the store, where it never was
before,
And the salty paths go running up and down.

MERCENARY.

If all you want is salt, you can find but little
 fault,
For the stuff is staying by you all the day.
You can find it in the night, like the yellow
 fever blight,
In the cosy home, the church, or at the play.

Mercenary.

I stroked the silken tresses, and I peered into
 her eyes,
And roguish-like she gave me such a smile.
I ventured to remind her that she was a dainty
 prize
For the fellow who was smitten by her style.

She tossed her head away from me, her eyes
 were flashing fire,
And I plainly saw she couldn't take a hint.
"I'll have you understand," said she, "you'll
 have to see my sire,
And prove to him you run a private mint."

The Gallant Capt'in.

O'Malley, raise the windy,
Look out upon the say,
The waves are bilin' over,
The storm is on the bay.
I see a ship a-lurchin'
Furninst the pointed rocks;
Upon me sowl, O'Malley,
The capt'in's in a box.
You hear the sails a-flappin'
Agin the crakin' mast;
A sixpence is me wager
The ship has seen its last.
Two hundred feet'll bring her
A-crashin' on the shore;
Me heart is heavy batin'
It trembles to the core.
Upon me sowl, O'Malley,
An' do me eyes desave?
That capt'in is a dandy;
No lion is as brave.
He's sent the ship a-whirlin'
Her bow divides the gale;
She's puttin' out to seaward
And layin' on the sail.
O'Malley, shut the windy;
Let's take a warmin' nip,
An' praise the gallant capt'in
For savin' of his ship.

The Friend Who Sticks.

Hail the day that brings the gladness
Of a friend who's newly found,
If in him you find the virtue
Of devotion true and sound.

And the friend who throws the scandal
To the winds that distant blow—
He's the friend to cherish always
In the summer time and snow.

Rare they are, and wide apart,
The friends whom you may trust;
Never let them go at all,
And value them you must.

He's the friend who sticks it out
And backs you when in need;
Such a friend is just the man
Who's always kind in deed.

Such a friend is worth his weight
In purest kind of gold,
And don't forget to keep him with
The tightest kind of hold.

Calm Down, My Honey.

If a friend should pass you by
And he didn't tell you why,
Calm down, my honey!

For perhaps he didn't know
That you were So-and-so,
Calm down, my honey!

The girl you love, perhaps,
May smile on other chaps,
Calm down, my honey!

Her heart may still be true
And she may be trying you,
Calm down, my honey!

When the sun is seldom shining
And there is no silver lining,
Calm down, my honey!

There are burdens quite enough—
Though the path of life be rough,
Calm down, my honey!

Why Do They?

Why does the woman coax the man
With fascinating smiles,
And then berate him just because
He yielded to her wiles?

Why does the faded, yaller purp
Persist in running out,
And barking, biting, stir the wrath
Of wheelmen round about?

Why does the chap on ten a week,
And scarcely out of debt,
Buy flowers and present them to
The flaxen-haired soubrette?

Why does the maid with straightened bangs
And thin, cadaverous face,
Go scorching up and down the street
At the warmest kind of pace?

Why does the man of shaggy beard
And manners quite passe,
Think every girl who comes along
Is looking just his way?

Why does the artist on the bike,
Without the least cessation,
Proclaim his wheel to be the best
There is in all creation?

Why do the lover's mellow eyes
Discern with adulation
Much beauty in the homely one
To whom he pays devotion?

The Sweetly Graduated.

'Tis now the time of prose and rhyme,
When girls in pink and white
Prepare to read their little screed
And set the world aright.

The manly boy is now to toy
With problems that beset us—
He'll let us know that he can show
The plan that will relieve us.

It's well, perhaps, that all the raps
With which our lives are freighted,
Will not be found, till years come 'round,
To the sweetly graduated.

SOON.

Soon.

Soon will melt the muddy ice
Before the noonday sun;
Soon will all the city streets
Like rivers swiftly run.
Soon will overshoes be thrown
Away for russet ties;
Soon will marbles please the boys,
And bats knock out the flies.

Soon will all arbutus fiends
O'ertramp the hill and dale;
Soon will bock and other stuff
Replace the bitter ale.
Soon will dust before the wind
Close up each open eye;
Soon will awnings touch the hat
Of him who's six feet high.

Soon will men of many mills
Behold the river rise;
Soon will weakened bridges know
The blow that will surprise.
Soon will artful candidates
Surround you with their claims,
Soon will circus bills go up,
As lurid as the flames.

Soon will silk and cotton take
The place of flannel shirts;
Soon will polka dots and stripes
Bedeck the dandy squirts.
Soon will maidens disappear
To sands of cooling seas;
Soon will summer boarders throw
Their money to the breeze.

Soon will Spain repent the crime
That killed the boys in blue;
Soon will Uncle Sam wake up
To what he ought to do.
Soon the Stars and Stripes will fly
Above Castilian lands;
Soon will all the world applaud
The way this country stands.

The Twinkling Star.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
Now you're in your glory.
Through your advertising man
We've heard your pretty story.

All the summer you have been
Through trials that are frightful;
You've lost your jewels many times—
The ad. was most delightful.

LIFE.

For all the narrow squeaks you've had,
It must be understood,
That many go to see you act
Who never thought you could.

Life.

Dreaming,
Seeming,
By the way,
Hoping,
Groping,
All the day.

Pleading,
Bleeding,
Dodging strife,
Slaving,
Saving,
That is life.

Ailing,
Failing,
Never mend,
Crying,
Dying,
That's the end.

Lines to a Young Man.

[In the latter part of January, 1898, Col. Harry B. Cilley left for the Pacific slope. On the evening preceding his departure, a number of the members of the Derryfield Club tendered Mr. Cilley a banquet at the club rooms, and one of the features of the exercises was the reading of these "Lines to a Young Man," designed to comfort Mr. Cilley on his long trip to the West.]

Long, long ago we heard it said, that empire
westward goes,
And where it rests is golden wealth and liquid
honey flows;
And now we're told that one of us, of whom
we're over-fond,
Is soon to turn his collar up, and leave for
parts beyond.

O'er rivers, bridges high, and cañons and cre-
vasses,
Brother Cilley soon will flit through snowy
mountain passes;
Then beyond the Rocky peaks, he'll sail to
balmy coasts,
And Californy'll have the chap who now re-
ceives our toasts.

He's soon to leave a mother dear, and father,
kind, protecting,
Whose whitened hairs, paternal like, are times
of frost reflecting.
The Audubons of local fame who love the
plumaged bird,
Will lose the one who tames them all—No mat-
ter what's inferred.

LINES TO A YOUNG MAN.

We'd like to offer just a word to him who now
departs—

Advice that comes from surging brains and
overloaded hearts.

Remember, friend, away from home, tempta-
tions may beset you,

And knowing this, we'll tell you now, in prayers
we'll not forget you.

Cigarettes, the noxious things, bring youth to
early grave,

And when the habit's once begun, said youth
is hard to save.

We know you never use the weed, and caution
may be wasted,

But still, advice we'd like to give before the
things are tasted.

O'er the mountains, near the sea, along the
golden slope,

We're told that maidens, liquid-eyed, are prone
to oft elope.

Their sunny hair, and rounded cheeks, and
shoulders passing fair,

Are charms that blind the strangers' eyes and
drag them to the snare.

Of all the trials known to man, the siren's art's
the worst,

And if our brother Cilley falls, perhaps he's
not the first.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Full well we know the Golden Gate has seldom
seen a man
Whose gallantry outshines them all—he loves
whene'er he can.

In military form and code, the western state
will gain
A stickler with the sword and gun, and soldier
without stain.
In golden laces, buttons bright, and rigid
etiquette,
We feel our friend is just the one to lead the
social set.

In club affairs he's had his hand upon the
steering wheel,
And oftentimes reproved the boys—but not
with iron heel.
We'd take his warning sober-like—our punishment
like men,
But when our brother's back was turned, we'd
break the rules again.

Now, when you cross the great divide and settle
on your claim,
We wish you'd use your silver tongue—uphold
industry's name.
Wicked men have tried to say that why the
mills were stopped
Was just because the people turned and to
McKinley flopped.

LINES TO A YOUNG MAN.

That this is false, we need not say, you know
the East too well;

The reason why the mills were stopped, takes
us much time to tell.

We'd like to have you spread the news that we
are here to stay;

We hope to see, at early date, a new and
brighter day.

We have told you what to do, when at your
journey's end;

We know Dame Fortune, softly wooed, will
many blessings send.

We see you now amid the groves, with fragrant
blossoms o'er you;

We know you'll own the state in time—the
world is now before you.

Lochínvar up to Date.

Gay Lochinvar came 'round the bend
And steam came from his wheels;
Hot love his heart did sadly rend—
You know just how that feels.

Gay Lochinvar! No horse for him!
No kingdoms would he trade;
He'd sooner trust his life and limb
To bikes of standard grade.

Gay Lochinvar, no fear had he,
As he landed at the gate;
He grabbed his wheel, and—Gracious me!
How Lochinvar did skate!

LINES TO KISMET.

To Kismet.

Like Proteus in thy changes, in thy rich and
endless ranges,
Chameleon-like in hue!
In thy weird and oft fantastic, seldom dull, nor
yet bombastic,
Flow of rhyme and reason true,
Thou has set us all a-pond'ring, o'er thy laby-
rinthal wand'ring,
Whence thou art and who.

Not a sombre, solemn raven, vainly searching
for a haven
When the storms begin to brew;
Seeking vainly and despairing, in desperation
then repairing
To the musty, dusty shelter of a night re-
porter's room,
Sure the rustle and the bustle, the hustle and
the tussle
With manuscript and contents, would dull thy
spirit soon.

Whence then comes this inspiration? On
whose silent meditation
Fall these bright and fairy fancies, so remark-
ably rare,

LINES TO KISMET.

Touched at times with the poetic, graced again
with the æsthetic,
And at all times energetic, with the stamp of
“do or dare”?

Is thy soul so nobly fashioned and thy heart so
deep impassioned
As to sympathize with every human woe?
Wouldst thou share thy cheer with sorrow, and
lend to him who'd borrow,
And forget it on the morrow? I think, no!
—*Tancred.*

To Tancred.

See the sloping hills and mountains! Hear the
gurgle of the fountains!
Dost thou scent the fragrant flowers?
Is not Nature quite inspiring, in her changes
quite untiring,
As she leads thee to her bowers?
Wouldst thou banish all the beauty that is
helpful in thy duty,
And changeless wish the hours?

Didst thou ever see a raven, but a thieving bird
and craven,
And a coward at the coming of the storm?
Was not Tancred in his might a “perfect, gentle
knight,”

TO TANCRED.

Fighting bravely in the East to relieve a sacred
land?

Had he figured in the bustle of the night re-
porter's hustle

Victory would have rested with the old Cru-
sader band.

'Tis a weakened inspiration that depends on
meditation,

When broken hearts around us cause us sympa-
thetic tears;

He who meditates—delays, and neglects the
thousand ways

Of relieving all the throbbings, and the griev-
ings and the fears.

For no soul is worth redeeming that doesn't
show the gleaming

Of the love that tends to human beings bless.

Wouldst thou lend thy cheer to sorrow, and
expect it back to-morrow,

And chasten him who'd borrow? I think, yes!

—*Kismet*.

LINES TO KISMET.

Firstly.

I'm deeply interested, as I read the morning
news,
In the Cuban situation and the leading coinage
views,
The dismemberment of China and Africa's sad
fate,
And the rocks that seem to threaten the good
old ship of state.

I want to know the weather and the latest
Klondike bluff,
And about those office seekers who never get
enough;
The doings of "sassiety" of high and low
degree,
And the chronic labor troubles mostly always
trouble me.

But the thing I look for firstly, I don't mind
telling you,
Is the modest poet's corner, and I have to read
it through
Just to satisfy myself that Kismet's shining
still,
Then I know that everything is going well, or
will.

—*Sumner F. Clafin.*

MANCHESTER, February 1, 1898.

To Kismet.

[Suggested by reading his poems in the Daily "Union."]

I am no gifted poet
To mount Pegasus fleet,
And cantering and flying
Go scale Parnassus steep.
A shaky piebald hack is all
The steed I have to ride,
So please excuse my verses—
Don't say, "Why have you tried?"

My sphere is somewhat circumscribed,
My pen is weak and tame;
I do not write for money,
Nor yet for dearer fame.
For 'tis not in my usual line
To cut up such a caper;
Give him the praise whose num'rous lays
Light up our daily paper.

For whether it is Cuba's war,
Or Klondike's golden grain,
Our "Kismet" takes his fountain pen
And off he goes again.
And should you ask "Oh, Why Is It?"
Or say, there's "Something Wrong,"
Just listen to our fair "Rosie,"
Or "Sweet Sadie's" gentle song.

LINES TO KISMET.

I like to hear you tell about
The funny "Coon Gal's Walk,"
And in "My Garden" pleasant
Pluck "The Tea Rose" from its stalk,
Or meet our "Signor Lum Bago"
Beside "The Silver Stream,"
Who'll tell a tale of "Magog Lak',"
As one who's in a dream.

And now we see "The Flower Girl,"
With "Some of the Good Things,"
With which our beloved poet
So softly, sweetly sings.
And take "The Sawdust Doll" to walk
In peaceful "Amoskeag,"
Or follow for sweet "Charity"
"Miss Velvet's" stately lead.

The buzzing of "The Buzzing Bug"
From gardens "O'er the Way,"
Will bring to mind "The Whistling Winds"
As leafy branches sway.
The bumble of "The Bumblebee"
Makes day dreams more than sunny.
If you have seen "The Robin Fiend,"
Calm down, "Calm down, My Honey."

"The Minister's Wife" may early call,
Her husband "Soon" will follow,
And don't forget "Love's Changes,"
Nor the "Jasmine" in the hollow.

TO KISMET.

The "Educated Blacksmith"
May keep the forge a-humming,
Still, never mind "The Saucy Flake,"
I'm sure "The Summer's Coming."

"The Jovial Junkman's" call
Brings visions of the spring;
We gather up our "Trinkets,"
Give "The Golden Bug" a fling.
"The Candidates" are waiting
Fat office to secure;
"Life's Spring-time" will have vanished
Ere they get it, I am sure.

Still, "Kismet," we'll forgive you much
Who wrote "The Rainbow Land,"
And many other pleasant things
We do not understand.
And if we never meet on earth,
We hope that by-and-by,
We shall gather all together
In "The Land Beyond the Sky."

—*H. M. G. Colby.*

WARNER, N. H., March 26, 1898.

To Kismet.

[From an anonymous reader. Published March 3, 1898.]

Oh, Kismet, maker of the songs,
Also the ballads now in fashion,
To read where breakfast sugar tongs
Are nudging toast that has the hash on.

Oh, Kismet, singer of the lays,
Lacklike they circle from earth off, eh?
We drink 'em in, the morning's praise,
Imbibed with pleasure with our coffee.

Oh, Kismet, drops of many quills,
The palace high, or e'en the low hut,
The love of harmony each fills,
Yea, as the filling joy, the doughnut.

Oh, Kismet, bard of breakfast time,
'Mongst the poets filling thine the luck seat,
And just to close this A. M. rhyme,
You take the cake; the cake that's buckwheat.

* * *

The Envious Heart.

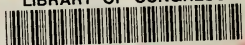
Oh! That the heavenly muse
Into thy mind her graces would infuse,
And from thy poetic soul, behold
Strange and marvelous wonders unfold
Of mysteries yet untold,
Like unto the bard divine of old.
On the Rialto of our quiet little town,
Thou mightst see a face and form
That wouldst madly lure thee on
To achieve a greatness most profound.
Each maiden heart with envy sown,
In rivalry into a monster grown,
Would aspire to be the heroine unknown
Of that (*fin de siècle*) poem.

—*Maiden.*

MANCHESTER, February 16, 1898.

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